Gunston Classics

UNCLE WIGGILY IN MAGIC LAND

by Howard R. Garis

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UNCLE WIGGILY IN MAGIC LAND

by Howard R. Garis

Illustrators

Lang Campbell & Edward Bloomberg

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Away hopped the little man.

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CHAPTER I.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE NIGHTINGALE

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily Long ears, the rabbit gentleman, was walking through the woods near his hollow stump bungalow, wondering whether or not he would have an adventure that he could tell to his nice muskrat lady housekeeper Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy; once upon a time, as I say, the bunny rabbit saw, sitting on a fiat stump, near a snow bank, a little man dress ed in a beautiful blue suit, all trimmed with gold lace.

"Ha!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily to himself. "Here is another of those jolly Arabian Nights fellows! And, from his looks, he might be one of the King's sons for whom I found Ki-Yi, the littlest puppy dog in all the world, Mew, the baby kitten who slept in an acorn

shell cradle and Teeny-Weeny, the lit tle sister of Squeakie-Eekie, the cousin mouse. I wonder who he is?"Going a little closer to the golden-and-blue dressed man on the stump Uncle Wiggily made a low bow, taking off his tall silk hat, and said:

"I am Mr. Longears, the rabbit gentleman. Who are you, if you please, and are you in any trouble out of which I may have the pleasure of helping you?"

"Ah, Uncle Wiggily, I am glad to meet you," said the man. "I have heard of you from my friend, Aladdin of _the Wonderful Lamp. My name is Fan-Tan, and I am a ma gician, or wonder worker. I have just made a nightingale, which is a bird that sings more sweetly than any other in the world."

"You have made a bird?" cried Uncle. "Excuse me, but I thought birds were hatched out of eggs. Dickie and Nellie Chip Chip, my little sparrow friends, came out of eggs."

"Ah, but my nightingale did not," said Fan Tan. "I made him like a phonograph, out of gold and silver, leather and rubber, springs and wheels, and when he is wound up with a key, like a little toy Christmas automobile, my nightingale sings very sweetly. Listen and you shall hear."

Then Fan-Tan took from inside his tall, peaked hat, (like the one worn by Mother Goose) a little bird, covered with feathers.

Fan-Tan put the little bird down on the stump beside him, and at once the nightin gale began to sing:

"Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! Tra-la~1a!"

It flittered its wings, it wobbled its tail and moved its head from side to side, all the while singing very sweetly indeed.

"Surely that is a real bird," said Uncle Wiggily. .

"No, it is one I made myself, of silver and gold, of rubber and leather and wheels and springs," said Fan-Tan. "And I am going to take it to the Emperor who will give me much money for it. I am journeying to the Emperor's palace now."

"Then I will go with you," said Uncle Wiggily. "That is if I may, and, perhaps I shall have an adventure."

"Right glad shall I be to have you come with me," said Fan-Tan, and together he and the rabbit gentleman set off through the woods.

It was not long before they came to the palace of the Emperor, and when Fan-Tan had

wound up his phonograph nightingale it sang so sweetly that the people in the palace all nodded their heads, to keep time to the music, and the Emperor wobbled his head and murmured:

"La! La! Never have I heard so sweet a song. Surely that must be a real bird!"

"No," said Fan-Tan, "it is not. See it will stop when I press on this button, and begin again when I press on the other," and he touched a little button, like an eye, in the bird's back. At once it stopped singing.

"O-o-o-o-o-oh!" cried all the people, sadly.

"Wait," said Fan-Tan. He pressed the other button in the nightingale's back, and at once the make-believe bird began to sing:

"Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la!"

"Ah, how lovely!" said the people in the palace, and the old emperor nodded his head in time to the music, and he was so pleased that he hung a golden chain about the neck of the nightingale, which he bought, giving Fan-Tan, the magician, much golden money. Oh! A bushel basket full! .-

Uncle Wiggily shook his head as he hop ped home to his hollow stump bungalow from

the Emperor's palace, while Fan-Tan travel ed on with his golden money to a new coun try.

"It is not good," said Uncle Wiggily, "that a make-believe bird should be cared for so much, when the real birds, in the woods, sing much more sweetly and don't have to be wound up with a key, or have springs inside them. It is not right!" .

Days and weeks went on, and the make-be lieve nightingale sang in the Emperor's pal ace and garden. Then, all of a sudden, one night when the bird was singing "Tra-la-la!" and the Emperor was nodding his head in time to the music, and all the people in the palace were saying "Ah-a-a-h"—all of a sud den there was a whirr, a whizz and a whee in side the make-believe bird, and it stopped singing.

"Quick!" called the Emperor, "send for Fan-Tan that he may mend the nightingale. It is broken. It will sing no more."

They sent for Fan-Tan, but he could not be found, for he had gone to a far country.

"Then send for the Court Physician!" cried the Emperor, "and let him cure the bro-ken nightingale." But the Court Physician, or doctor, could do nothing.

"Send for Uncle Wiggily Longears!" cried Emperor. "He was with Fan-Tan and may be he knows how to mend the bird."

Uncle Wiggily hopped to the Emperor's palace on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch. He looked at the brok en nightingale.

"No, Emperor," said the rabbit gentleman, "I cannot mend this bird, but I can bring in a real nightingale to sing for you."

"Please do," said the Emperor. Uncle Wiggily sent Dickie Chip-Chip, the sparrow boy, for a real nightingale, and when it came this bird sang so sweetly that all the people said "Ah-ha!" and the Emperor, nodding his head in time to the music, said:

"That is the sweetest song I ever heard, for it reminds me of when I was a little boy playing in the woods," and he slept happily that night, which he had not done in a long while.

Then the real nightingale lived in the Woods outside the Emperor's palace, and sang each evening, while the make-believe one, broken so badly that it could make no more music, sat on the piano and looked pretty. And everybody thanked Uncle Wiggily for what he had done.

So if the wind dosen't blow our chimney over in the next yard where the puppy dog can build a play house of the bricks, I'll tell you in the next chapter about Uncle Wiggily and the Water Queen.

CHAPTER II.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE WATER QUEEN

Oh, dear!" cried Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as she came down stairs in the hollow stump bungalow one morning to get breakfast. "Oh, dear! This is terrible!"

"What is?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "You don't mean to tell me that you have burned the buckwheat cakes; do you, Janie?"

"Oh, no. Not quite as bad as that," answered the muskrat lady. "But the water pipes are frozen!"

"Oh, well, it might be worse," said the bunny uncle. "I don't drink much water for breakfast, and when I have eaten some of your nice cakes, with carrot maple sugar sprinkled

on them, I'll go to the Woodland spring and get a pail of water for you. That will answer until Dr. Possum can come and thaw out the frozen pipes."

"But the spring in the woods may be frozen over, too," said Nurse Jane.

"No matter," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I can cut a hole in the ice, as Simple Simon did when he went fishing to catch a whale, and then I'll get the water for you. Have no fear!"

So Nurse Jane had no fear, and when the bunny uncle had finished his breakfast, he put on his warm fur coat, slipped his hind paws into his overshoes, and with the water pail on one front paw, while with the other he leaned on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, he hopped over the fields and through the woods to where the spring bubbled up the clear, sparkling water. .-

That is the water bubbled up in the Sum mer, but now it was cold Winter, and the spring was frozen over, though it was too cold for any one except a fairy to skate on.

"Well here goes!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and with the hatchet he had brought with him he began chopping a hole in the ice, so he could get at the water underneath.

Uncle Wiggily had not chopped more than a few ice chips, when, from under the hard icy covering of the frozen spring he heard a voice calling to him.

Oh, take care, if you please! If you are not careful you may cut oif my fingers and toes, to say nothing of my ears and my nose. Oh, please take care!"

"I will," said Uncle Wiggily kindly, "but who are you, if you please?"

"I am the Water Queen," was the answer, "and I am down in the spring, frozen over. Please chop me out, but be careful how you chop."

"I'll be very careful," said Uncle Wiggily, and he chipped and chopped with his hatchet, until he had chopped down to the open un frozen water, and, as he did so, a little lady, dressed in a water-proof cloak of purple and gold, swam to the top of the spring.

"Oh, my! You'll catch cold!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he helped her out of the water, for she was very small—not much larger than a baby wax doll.

"I am not afraid of water, as long as it is not frozen," said the Queen. "I can do any thing I like with water except to freeze or thaw

it. That belongs to the Ice King, and he never lets me meddle with his affairs."

"Did he freeze you up in that spring?" asked the bunny gentleman, as he lifted the Water Queen out and put her in his warm, fur overcoat pocket. And, strange to say, though the Water Queen came right out of the spring she was not wet at all. Perhaps the water-proof cloak kept her dry.

"No, the Ice King did not freeze me up in the spring," went on the Water Queen. "It was my own fault. I went in the spring to see how the moss-covered stones on the bot tom were feeling, so as to get them ready for next Summer, when, all of a sudden, the Ice King blew his cold breath on the water which was not then a bit cold.

"Instantly the spring was frozen over, and there I was, caught under the ice. But the King did not know I was there, and before I could tell him he had gone away to freeze other springs, lakes and rivers.

"I called to him, but he did not hear, and I tried to get out but I could not. Then you came along, chopped a hole in the ice, and set me free. I can not thank you enough, and if ever I can do you a favor I will."

"Well, it is kind of you to offer to do that," said Uncle Wiggily, "but I don't know what favor you can do me. I'll take this pail of water to Nurse Jane, and you can come with me to my hollow stump bungalow. On the way I must ask Dr. Possum to come and thaw

out our frozen water pipes. That is unless you can do it," he asked.

"No," answered the Water Queen. "I only have charge of water that is not frozen, such as that in your pail. You will have to get Dr. Possum, or the Ice King. I am sorry!"

"Never mind," said Uncle Wiggily. "I dare say Dr. Possum can fix the pipes."

So, with his pail of water, he went on with the Water Queen, and just as they came out of the woods they heard voices crying:

"Fire! Fire! Fire! Grandpa Goosey Gander's house is on fire!"

"Oh, so it is," cried Uncle Wiggily, his pink nose all a-twinkle like, as he saw the goose gentleman's house ablaze. "Oh, what shall I do? Call out the water bug firemen! Throw water on the blaze. Oh, do something! Somebody!"

We can do nothing!" cried Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys who

came racing up with their toy fire engine. “Why not?” asked Uncle Wiggily.

“Because all the water pipes and hydrants are frozen, and we can get no water for the fire.”

“Ha! Here is where I help,” said the Water Queen. “Quick, Uncle Wiggily, throw on the burning house your pail of water that is not frozen! Quick! Throw it on!”

“But one pail full will do no good,” said the bunny.

“No matter, throw it!” cried the Water Queen, “and as fast as the pail is emptied, it will fill itself again, as many times as you like, until the fire is all out. For that is the kind of magic I can do, as long as the pail of water is not frozen. Throw on the water.”

Uncle Wiggily threw the pail of spring water on Grandpa Goosey’s house. Then, as soon as the pail was emptied it filled itself again, right out of the air, as the Water Queen told it to. And the bunny uncle threw on the fire thirteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three pails of water and the fire went out with a hiss like a snake, and stayed out.

So Grandpa Goosey’s house was saved af ter all, you see, and it is a good thing Uncle Wiggily helped the Water Queen out of the

frozen spring. And soon the frozen water pipes were thawed, and everybody was happy.

And if the electric light doesn't go out to see the gold fish hide under the umbrella plant and leave the coal bin all dark, I'1l tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the magic fiddle.

CHAPTER III.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE MAGIC FIDDLE

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily Long ears the rabbit gentleman was traveling through the woods, near his hollow stump bungalow, as he often did, looking for ad ventures, he met a little man who carried a fiddle under his arm, and who seemed in very much of a hurry.

"Why so hasty?" asked the rabbit gentle man, for this, as I have told you, was one of the times when he could speak and under stand man-talk.

"Please do not stop me," begged the little man. "I am in a great hurry. They are after me."

"Who?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

Before the little man could answer there was a great shouting in the woods, and the bunny uncle saw a crowd of men and boys, far off among the trees.

"There they are now!" cried the little man. "But I will never let them get my wonderful fiddle. Here, you keep it until I come and ask you for it," and with that he thrust into Uncle Wiggily's paws the violin, or fiddle, in its black case, and then, off through the woods ran the little man as fast as ever he could go.

"Ah, there he is! There he is!" cried the crowd of men and boys. "We will teach him to make us dance when we do not want to! After him! Get hold of him!"

And after the little man the crowd of per sons raced as fast as they could go, taking another and shorter path, so, as it happened, they did not come near Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Well, this is queer," said the bunny uncle to himself as he stood in the middle of the wood, holding the fiddle. "I wonder why they wanted that little man so badly, and why he did not want them to get his violin? And I wonder what is so Wonderful about this fiddle?"

Uncle Wiggily opened the case and took out the violin. It seemed just like any other fiddle, but the bunny uncle said:

"I am sure there must be something very strange about it. I will keep it until he comes back and then I'll ask him about it. Perhaps an adventure goes with this fiddle. Maybe it is one from the Arabian Nights."

Uncle Wiggily kept on through the woods, looking for something like an adventure to happen to him, but none did, and when he came again to his hollow stump bungalow he was quite disappointed, which means sorry.

"Not an adventure did I have," he said to Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper. "Not one!"

"Please don't talk to me of adventures," said the muskrat lady. "I have trouble enough here, as it is."

"Trouble?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Say no more! If you are in trouble let me help you. I have helped many of my animal friends, to say nothing of those in the Arabian Nights book, like Sinbad, the Sailor. And each time I help someone there is an adventure in it for me. What is your trouble?"

"Why," said Nurse Jane, "you know I am going to have a little party this afternoon, for some of my lady friends. They are going to help me sew carpet rags, and piece a bed quilt. After that I am going to give them cakes and tea, and we are going to have a little music and dance."

"Well, that sounds very nice," said the bunny uncle.

"It sounds nice!" agreed Nurse Jane, "but it won't be half as nice as it sounds, because the music-maker hasn't come so we can't have any dance tunes."

"That is too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "Who was to be the musician?"

"Jacko and Jumpo Kinkytail, the red and green monkey boys were going to play the hand organ," answered Nurse Jane. "But one has sore throat and the other the epizootic, so they can't bring the hand-organ with which they were to make music."

"Ha! That is a trouble, but one that is easily fixed," said Uncle Wiggily with a smile. . "I will play the music for your afternoon tea and sewing party, Nurse Jane."

"Have you a hand-organ?" asked the muskrat lady.

"No, but I have this wonderful fiddle which was just given me," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll make music on that."

"Can you—can you play?" asked Nurse Jane, sort of diffident like, and shy, for she did not want to hurt Uncle Wiggily's feel mgs.

"Well, there is always a first time," said the bunny. "It is true I never have played any thing more than a cornstalk fiddle, but now I'll try a real one."

Well, Nurse Jane did not know just what to do. She wanted music for her little party and yet—. She shook her head doubtful like.

Pretty soon the guests began to arrive. Nurse Jane met them and whispered:

"Uncle Wiggily says he is going to play for us. I don't believe he can, but I don't want to refuse him."

"Oh, no, of course not," said Mrs. Wibble wobble, the duck lady. "We can pretend we like it, even if he only squeaks and squawks on the fiddle."

And so the party began. Nurse Jane pass ed the tea and cakes, and when the-animal ladies had sewed all the carpet rags and quilts Nurse Jane said:

"Now we will have a little dance," but she sort of shivered when she said it, for she was afraid of the kind of music Uncle Wiggily would make, he never having played a fiddle before.

But when the bunny uncle stood up be tween the dining room and kitchen, when the table and chairs had been cleared away, and he put the fiddle under his chin and drew the bow across the strings Lo and behold! There came forth the sweetest, jolliest music that you ever heard. You just couldn't help dancing to it. The feet of the animal ladies, and those of Nurse Jane herself, tapped the floor and soon they were dancing away while Uncle Wiggily played and played and played.

Oh, the jolly dancing tunes he played, until Nurse Jane, all out of breath, had to cry:

"Stop, Stop, please, Uncle Wiggily! We have to dance as long as you play, but please stop."

"I never knew you could play the fiddle," said Mrs. Wagtail, the goat lady.

"Neither did I," said the bunny uncle. "This must be a magical violin. It plays if only you wish it to." And so it was. Thus Uncle Wiggily had whispered to himself a wish that he might be able to play and so had made music on the Wonderful fiddle, and Nurse Jane's

party was just dandy. And if the man in the moon doesn't fall down and stub his toe on the cow with the crumpled horn, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the magical spectacles.

CHAPTER IV.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE MAGIC SPECTACLES

Rat-a-tat-tat" came a knock on the door of the hollow stump bungalow in which lived Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentle man.

"I'll go," spoke Nurse Jane, who had just finished washing the breakfast dishes, and when she opened the door there stood a fun ny little man, with a sharp nose and very bright eyes.

"If you please," he said, with a low, polite bow, "I have come for my magic fiddle."

"Your magic fiddle!" exclaimed Nurse Jane, in surprise.

"Oh, I know what he wants," called Uncle Wiggily, as he came to the door. "You're

the little man who was chased in the woods the other day, and who gave me the fiddle to take care of for you; aren't you?" he asked.

"I am," said the little man. "They were chasing me through the woods, and I had to get away as fast as I could. But tell me, did you have any good use of my wonderful violin?"

"I should say we did!" cried Uncle Wiggily, jolly like, and he told how he had made the animal ladies at Nurse Jane's sewing party dance to the strange music.

"That's good!" laughed the little man. "I knew you would have some fun out of my fiddle, when I couldn't myself."

"But what made you run away?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Because such a crowd was after me," explained the little man. "You see I travel all over with my magic violin, and sometimes play tricks on people, though I suppose I should not. The last time I reached a town everyone was at dinner, and as soon as I played the fiddle they had to dance whether they wanted to or not. That is the wonderful thing about my fiddle. Whenever it is play ed someone must dance. So these people had to dance. And some were hungry, and want ed to eat instead of dancing. But I kept on playing

and then some of them danced after me and I had to run, for fear they would pull my nose, or take my violin away. Then I met you, got you to keep the fiddle for me, and I ran safely away." .

"I don't see how you did," said Uncle Wiggily. "The men and boys were so close to you, when I saw them, that I thought they would easily have seen you and caught you."

"Ha! That's where another of my tricks came in," said the little man. "I could see them, and keep out of their Way, but they could not see me."

"How was that?" asked Uncle Wiggily, surprised like.

"By these magical spectacles," and the lit tle man took a pair from his pockets. "These spectacles," he said, "are as wonderful in their way as my wonderful magic fiddle is in its way. When any one has these spectacles on he can see, or find, anything he wishes, and no one else can see him until he takes them off. I'll let you take them for a while, if you'1l give me back my fidd1e."

Uncle Wiggily said he would, and the little man, after playing a twittering, jolly tune, that made Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane dance a fox trot, hopped off through the

woods with his violin, leaving the magical spectacles with the bunny.

"Surely you are not going to try them on!" cried Nurse Jane, as she looked at Uncle Wiggily

"I think so," he said, and he did. "Now," said he, "I wish to see Grandfather Goosey Gander." He waited a second and a queer look came over his face. Then, all of a sud den Nurse Jane cried:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! I can't see you! Where are you?"

"Here I am," said the rabbit gentleman, as he suddenly appeared in view. "It was the magical spectacles," he explained. "They made me disappear. You could not see me,"

"And did you see Grandpa Goosey?" asked Nurse Jane.

"As plainly as I see you," answered the rab bit. "Here you try the glasses."

Nurse Jane did, wishing to see Mrs. Wib blewobble, the duck lady. And when the muskrat housekeeper, after trying the glasses, took them off, the bunny asked:

"Well, did you see her?"

"I did," answered Nurse J ane. "Mrs. Wib blewobble was peeling potatoes for dinner. Those spectacles are wonderful."

"They certainly are," said Mr. Longears. "I'll have some fun with them."

Then he went about, wishing to see one after another of his animal friends, and he saw them through the magic glasses as plain ly as though he stood by their sides, and none of them knew anything about it.

Then, all of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily was going through the woods he heard some one say:

"Oh dear! It's lost, and we'll never find it again."

"What's lost?" asked the bunny uncle.

"Our football that we were playing with in the snow," answered Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, and he, with his brother Bil lie and Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, were all having fun together. They had kicked the football into a big snow drift and it was lost.

"But I'll find it for you," said Uncle Wiggily. Putting on the magical glasses he sim ply wished to see the football, and in an in stant he saw it as plainly as day, under a far off drift

of snow where the animal boys had not thought of looking.

"Oh, that's fine!" they cried, when they had finished laughing at the way Uncle Wiggily vanished and came back again. Which he did because of the Arabian Nights magic in the spectacles.

The bunny uncle traveled on and on. He came to a place where Nannie Wagtail, the goat girl, had lost a penny in the woods, and with his magical spectacles Uncle Wiggily soon found it. Next he discovered an orange Jollie Longtail, the mouse boy, had dropped down a knot hole.

There was no end to the lost play toys and other things Uncle Wiggily found With the magical spectacles which the little man had given him and finally, walking in the woods one day, the bunny gentleman, putting on the glasses, wished he might see Nurse Jane far off in the hollow stump bungalow.

And, in the twinkling of an eye he saw her,

but, sad to say, just as he looked through the magical glasses Uncle Wiggily saw a spark, from a match she was lighting, set fire to Nurse Jane's dress, and she was beginning to burn.

"Oh, HOw I wish I was there to put out the fire and save her!" cried the bunny, and, no sooner had he wished that, than along came Sinbad, the Sailor, with his magical carpet that could travel in the clouds like an airship.

"All aboard!" called Sinbad. "Get on the carpet Uncle Wiggily, and we'll be at your bungalow in a jiffy and save Nurse Jane."

And there they were! Sinbad wrapped the muskrat lady in the carpet and put out the fire before it had burned her at all. But it was a good thing Uncle Wiggily had those magical glasses; wasn't it?

So everything came out all right, except that Nurse Jane's dress was scorched and she had to buy a new one, and if the cow bell dosen't call the breakfast orange too late to have dinner with the rice pudding, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the magical apple could not hear. However at last, he heard the voice that had first spoken say:

"Now, Your Royal Highness, all you have to do to get the best of the giant who makes you so much trouble is to give him a bite of this magic apple. Just a small, teeny-weeny bite will do."

"And then what will happen?" asked the king, of whose golden and diamond crown Uncile Wiggily had just a peep over the top of the stump behind which the bunny was hiding.

"What will happen?" asked the other who as the bunny uncle could see, was a little dwarf like Hop o' my Thumb. "Why the giant's nose will happen to grow so large and so long that it will be like ten elephants' trunks all made into one, or like a big fire hose. Then the giant won't bother you any more."

"I should say so!" laughed the King. "With this magic apple I'll make his nose so long he can't leave his cave, that giant can't; to both er me any more. I'm glad to have met you. There is the thousand dollars in gold I promised you for making this magic apple for me.

CHAPTER V.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE MAGIC APPLE

Along through the woods hopped Uncle Wiggily Longears the rabbit gentleman. He was thinking of the many strange things that had happened to him since he had met Sinbad, the Sailor, and the other wonderful folk from the Arabian Nights, when, all at once, as he passed behind a tall stump, that was even taller than his long ears, he heard a voice saying:

"Yes, Your Royal Highness, I shall have it happen exactly as you say. Yes, indeed, Your Royal Rising Sun! I salute thee! Sa laam!

"Ha! I shouldknow that kind of talk," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. "That is a body guard, a servant or some genie, or fairy, talk ing to a king or emperor. It is Arabian Nights stuff as sure as you're born! I'll just listen here and see what it's about."

Away hopped the little man.

So the bunny uncle waited a minute, but the rest of the talk was in whispers, which he

I'm going to see how it works right away. Last night that giant reached his arm, a mile and a half long, across the fields and smashed a pane of glass in my kitchen so he could take fifty-two cherry pies my cook baked. I won't stand it any longer! I'll make him eat some of this apple and give him a long nose!"

Then the King, who wanted to play a trick on the giant, rode his silver horse away as hard as he could, leaving on the stump the gold for the magical dwarf.

"Come back! Come back!" cried the dwarf. "I want to give you—"

"I have no time now," answered the king, still riding away. "I'1l come back later, as soon as I give the giant some of the magic apple to eat and make him have a big nose,"

and away rode the king as fast as he could.

"Well, now isn't he the funny fellow!" said the apple dwarf. "If he had only waited I would have given him this pear. Then, if any of his friends ate some of the magic ap ple by mistake, or accident, and their noses grew as big as-an elephant's, the king could cure them, and make their noses the right size, by just let-

ting them eat a slice of this pear," and he took a nice yellow one from his pocket.

"But, as he wouldn't stay to listen," went on the dwarf, "I'll leave the pear on this stump for him, with a note telling him what it is for. If he gets his friends into trouble with big noses he can come here, get the pear and cure them."

Then the dwarf put the pear on the stump, with a little letter telling how it could undo the work of the magic apple, and away hop ped the little man through the woods.

"Ha! Here is where I have a chance to help," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll take this pear to the king myself, and tell him how it works, in case any of his friends instead of the giant, eat the magic apple by mistake."

So the bunny gentleman put the pear in his pocket, and away he traveled through the woods.

"I wonder what adventure I shall have to day," thought the bunny gentleman, as he hopped along, "Maybe I shall rescue a baby doll out of an airship, or find a little fairy in trouble. I hope I am able to help some one."

As he hopped along he felt hungry, and he almost wished he could take a bite out of the pear, but he happened to think that it

must be kept to stop the long noses which started growing whenever anyone ate the magic apple.

On and on hopped Uncle Wiggily. He was just thinking he was to have no adventure that day when, all of a sudden, a little man, all dressed in silver and gold and red and blue with spingles and spangles all over him rushed up and cried:

"Oh, are you a doctor?"

"No, I am not," said Uncle Wiggily. "But I have a friend who is called Dr. Possum."

"Can he cure long noses?" asked the funny man who looked just as if he had come from the Arabian Nights, so fancy was his dress.

"I don't know that he can cure long noses," said Uncle Wiggily, "but he can put slippery elm on a sore throat and make everything slide down easy like and careful."

"The King, my master, does not want such a doctor as that!" cried the fancifully dressed man. "Listen and I will tell you. A little

while ago the King's daughter found an ap ple in the woods, and ate it. All at once her nose began to grow. It grew bigger and big ger,

just as the nose of the maid who was in the garden hanging out the clothes, began to bleed when blackbirds picked it. Worse than a red, red rose, it bled."

"Why did the little Princess, daughter of the King, eat the apple so her nose grew big?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, her father the king threw the magical

apple over into the yard of the giant next door, hoping the big man would eat the ap ple, and his nose would grow so large that he could not bother us any more, or take the cook's pies," answered the little man. . "But something went wrong, and it's the Princess who has the long nose," said the golden-dressed man, "and if any one can cure her he will get a thousand pieces of gold."

"I had rather have a thousand pieces of golden carrot, made into a pie by Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy," said Uncle.

"You shall have them, also!" cried the little man. "Only come with me to the king's palace."

So Uncle Wiggily went, thinking of the magical pear in his pocket, and when he came to the golden, silver and diamond room of the little princess, there he saw a sad sight. Her

nose had grown so long that it stuck out of the window, down on the grass and still grow ing, and running across the lawn, it went into a cow pasture.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little princess, "every time a cow steps on my nose it hurts awful."

"I should think it would!" said Uncle Wiggily. "But here, eat some of this pear and you will soon be better, for this is just like a story I read in a book. Eat the pear!"

"Are you sure it will not harm her, and make her nose grow bigger?" asked the King of Uncle Wiggily.

"I am sure it will not," said the bunny. "Otherwise the dwarf would not have called after you to give it to you, as he did. But you did not come back so he left the pear and I traveled on to bring it to you."

"And it is good you did," said the King. "Give my little princess some of the pear quickly, for an elephant's nose on a little girl is not nice." And, indeed the princess did look too funny for anything, but please don't tell her I said so.

Uncle Wiggily gave the princess a taste of the pear, though it was hard work for her to bite it on account of her nose being so far

down over her mouth. But no sooner had the princess chewed some of the pear, than her nose began to shrink. It got so small that it only hung out of the window. Then it shrunk to the window sill. Then it grew shorter still until it was only hanging on the floor of the princess' room. And then it shrunk right back in place, and to its own size.

"Oh, thank you so much, Uncle Wiggily!" cried the King. "You shall have anything in the world I can give you."

"Then throw away what is left of the magic apple," said the bunny, "for it is not good, even for a giant to have such a big nose that the cows step on it."

And the King said he would, and he did, and he and the giant became good friends, and there was no need of making the giant's nose big. So the little Princess was cured and everybody was happy, and the rabbit

gentleman had all the carrots he could eat, and the apple was thrown in a brook which quickly turned into a big river.

And if the jam tarts don't all turn into chocolate cookies so the cook has to bake a mince pie for the doll's breakfast, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the pig lady.

CHAPTER VI.
UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PIG-LADY

Once upon a time, when Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, had hopped through the woods all day long, without find ing a single adventure, and he was thinking of going home to his hollow stump bungalow to have a cup of catnip tea with his muskrat lady housekeeper, Nurse Jane Fuzzy, and as he was thinking of how he would tell her he had no adventures that day, all of a sudden, there popped out from between two stumps a queer little old woman, with a long string in one hand and a long stick in the other.

"How do you do?" she asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Not very well," replied the bunny gentle man. "I have not had an adventure this whole, long day."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the old lady. "You should have been with me and you would

have had more adventures than you cared for."

"Are you out of the Arabian Nights book?" asked the rabbit gentleman. "I ask because I know a good many persons whose stories are in that book—Sinbad, the Sailor, Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, Ali Baba of the Forty Thieves—though he's good now, and

Well, I'm not any of those persons, ' said the lady. "I might well wish to be, though, considering all the trouble I've had."

"Trouble! Ha, say no more!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I just love to help those in trou ble."

"Well, you may need some of your Arabian Nights friends with all their magic to help you," said the old lady. "Tell me, did you ever drive a pig home from market?"

"I can't say I ever did," spoke the bunny uncle. "Nor to market, either, as far as that goes."

"Then you don't know how much you need magic," spoke the little old woman, who said that Uncle Wiggily might call her the "pig lady," which he did at once. "I bought a pig at the market and I wanted to lead it home alive," she said.

But whichever way I wanted to go the pig didn't want to go, and whichever way I didn't want to go the pig did, so there you are."

"Didn't you ask anybody to help?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"Yes, I asked a stick to beat pig 'cause pig would not go, for it was easy to see by the moonlight that 'twas almost midnight and time pig and I were home an hour 'n a half ago."

"Did the stick beat the pig?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"No, it didn't," answered the pig-lady. "It said it was too busy. So I asked fire to burn stick so stick would beat pig and make pig go, as anyone could see by the moonlight that it was almost midnight when pig and I should be home an hour and a half ago."

"Did the fire burn the stick?" asked Uncle Wiggily

"No, I am sorry to say it did not," spoke the lady. "I couldn't lead the pig home by this string, and I couldn't drive him with my stick, so I asked a cow to drink up the water that wouldn't quench fire, that wouldn't burn stick, that wouldn't beat pig, and see by moonlight

’tis ’most midnight and time pig and I were home an hour’n a half ago.”

“Did the cow drink the water?” asked Uncle Wiggily.

“I am sorry to say it did not,” went on the little old pig-lady. “So I tried to get a butcher to send the cow to sell in the market, but the butcher wouldn’t, and then I asked a piece of rope I saw to beat the butcher, for the butcher wouldn’t sell the cow, the cow would n’t drink the water that wouldn’t put out the fire, the fire wouldn’t—”

“I think I remember the rest of it,” said the bunny, whose head was beginning to get dizzy. “But what happened at last? I can see you have had quite some adventures.”

“Indeed I have,” cried the pig-lady. “And they are not over yet, for I almost had everything nicely fixed when something else happened.”

“What was it?” asked Uncle Wiggily.

“Well, things went along and a knife I saw beside the road was beginning to cut the rope, the rope was beginning to tie itself around the butcher, the butcher had started to sell the cow, the cow had begun to drink the water, the water had begun to quench the fire, the fire was beginning to burn the stick, the

stick was beginning to beat the pig, the pig and I were almost going to get home by midnight, as you could tell by the moon light, when, all of a sudden, along came the fire department, put out the fire, and then everything was all topsy-turvy and so I did n't get the pig home after all."

"That's too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "Where is he now, my good woman--the pig, I mean?"

"Oh, he's off in the brush somewhere," she answered. "But it's no use trying to lead him or drive him."

"Let me try," said Uncle Wiggily. "I had some adventures in the Mother Goose book with the three little pigs, so I know some thing about them."

"Mother Goose is a friend of mine," said the pig-lady, "but I can't get her to help me now."

"I will," said Uncle Wiggily, politely. With

that he jumped into the bushes to have the adventure of leading or driving the pig home.

Uncle Wiggily soon found the pig eating acorns under an oak tree, but when the bunny gentleman tried to drive the pig with the whip,

or lead him by the long string, the pig turned around seven ways from Sunday, tangled himself up and Uncle Wiggily down, until the old lady cried:

"Oh, let him alone! He's a bad pig entirely." _

Uncle Wiggily was just beginning to think so himself, and he was going to leave the pig alone, when, all at once, looking up in the clouds, the bunny rabbit saw, sailing along on his magical wishing airship carpet, Sin bad the Sailor.

"Oh, Sinbad! Will you help us?" begged the bunny, in a loud voice.

"What is the trouble?" asked Sinbad, from up above.

Then Uncle Wiggily told about the troubles of the pig-lady.

"Please take her and the pig home before midnight," begged Uncle Wiggily, "and then drop me off at my hollow stump bungalow."

"It shall be done," said Uncle Wiggily.

Then Sinbad, the Arabian Nights sailor, made one wish and presto! in an instant on the magic carpet there was seated the sailor himself, Uncle Wiggily, the old lady and the obsti-

nate pig. Another wish made by Sinbad and the pig and the old lady were safely home, the carpet sailing through the air like an express train.

Another wish and Uncle Wiggily was safe in his hollow stump bungalow and still an other wish and Sinbad was in his own palace with the magic carpet.

So this teaches us that carpets are some good, even if they are dusty, and if the vacuum cleaner doesn't take all my neckties up in the hose, so I haven't one to wear to the dance with the little duck girl, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the live fairy.

CHAPTER VII
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE LIVE FAIRY

Oh, dear! I wish I could do some of the things you do," said Susie Littletail one day to the rabbit gentleman as she sat on the porch of the hollow stump bungalow, wait ing for Nannie Wagtail, the goat girl, to come along so they could go to school to geth-er. Uncle Wiggily was sitting on the porch also, wondering where he could next go to have an adventure.

"So you wish you could do some of the things I do, eh?" asked the bunny uncle, thoughtful like. '

"What of the things that I do would you like to do, Susie?" asked Uncle Wiggily, after a bit. "Do you want to twinkle your nose, or bob your tail up and down, as well as side ways?"

"Neither, Uncle Wiggily," answered the rabbit girl, slowly. "But I would like to have adventures with folks from the Arabian Nights

as you do—with Sinbad the Sailor, Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and so on. Nothing like that ever happens to me."

"Indeed?" asked the bunny uncle. "Then it is high time something did happen. I will see to it—um—ah—let me see," and he thoughtfully looked at a calendar through a window in his hollow stump bungalow. "Something wonderful shall happen to you this very day, Susie," he said.

"Really and truly?" asked Susie, clapping her paws in delight.

"Treely and reely," answered Uncle Wiggily, smiling.

"And to me, too?" asked Nannie Wagtail, the goat girl coming along just then. "Will something happen to me?"

"Yes, to you also," answered Uncle Wiggily. "And to all the animal boys and girls in Woodland."

"Will it be—be magical, like in the Arabian Nights?" Nannie wanted to know.

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggily, "it will. Now run along, for it takes some time to get it ready. Hop on to school like good children."

So Nannie and Susie hopped along, and they were thinking so much about what Un cle

Wiggily had promised would happen, and wondering why he looked at the clock so often to see that it was the fourteenth of Feb ruary, that they did very little studying.

And the other animal boys and girls, who heard what Susie and Nannie told them, did not study much either, so the lady mouse teacher in the hollow stump school had to say:

"Well, children, I'm afraid you will all have to stay in after lessons tonight."

But the animal boys and girls did not mean to be bad, and they were thinking so much of the magical surprise Uncle Wiggily was go ing to give them that they did not mind stay ing and cleaning off the blackboards.

Now, as soon as the animal children had gone to school, Uncle Wiggily started from his hollow stump bungalow with his tall silk hat and his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch. "Where are you going?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wussy, his muskrat lady housekeeper.

"To a valentine store," answered Uncle Wiggily. "This is February 14, and St. Valentine on this day sends to all his friends pretty pictures and the like of that."

"I'm surprised at you—an old rabbit gen tleman like yourself thinking of such non sense!" cried Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"Oh, nonsense is good, once in a while," sang Uncle Wiggily. "It makes a frown turn into a smile."

Then away he hopped to the valentine store.

"I want fourteen thousand, seventeen hun dred million and twenty-three valentines," he said to the lady behind the counter, "and each one must have a picture of a fairy on it. Be quick, please."

"Here you are," said the store-lady, and she gave the valentines to Uncle Wiggily, who paid for them with gold money—oh, so much gold money.

"And now to work the magical fairy trick," said Uncle Wiggily, as he went off in the woods. "I hope it comes out all right." Then he called aloud:

"Aladdin of the wonderful lamp, you said if ever you could do me a favor you would."

"And so I will!" cried a voice, and down, as if from the sky, came Aladdin, sliding on a sunbeam, and in his hand was the wonderful

lamp, which, as soon as it was rubbed, made every wish come true. “What is it you want?” asked Aladdin of Uncle Wiggily.

“I want all these valentines, with a picture of a fairy on each one, taken to all my animal boy and girls friends in Woodland,” said the bunny uncle, “and, as soon as they arrive, I want all the valentine fairies to come to life and to grant one wish each to all the boys and girls.”

“It shall be done!” cried Aladdin. Then he rubbed his magical lamp, and instantly the woods were filled with genii, or fairies fourteen thousand, seventeen hundred mil lion and twenty-three of them — one for every valentine.

“Take the valentines to all of Uncle Wiggily’s friends,” requested Aladdin, “and make the fairies on them come to life and grant one wish for each animal boy or girl.”

“It shall be done,” said the genii, and away they whisked through the air.

An instant later Susie Littletail found a valentine on her doorstep, and as she picked it up the pictured fairy on it magically came to life, and said, in a sugar plum voice:

"You may have one wish."

"Oh, I wish my lead pencil points would never again break in school," said Susie, as surprised as she could be.

"It shall be done!" cried the fairy, and then, waving her wand, she turned back into pretty colored paper again.

About the same time Nannie Wagtail, the goat girl, received her fairy valentine, and Nannie wished that she would get a pair of roller skates. She could have had them set with diamonds had she thought, but they were just as good without, I suppose. Any how, as soon as Nannie had gotten over her surprise, she went skating.

And Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, wished for a new baseball bat, and got that from his valentine fairy, while Johnnie Bushy-tail, the squirrel boy, had for his wish a new knife. Jacko Kinkytail, the monkey boy, wished for a watermelon and got that from his paper valentine fairy, and gave his brother Jumpo some. And Jumpo, who wished for a popcorn ball, gave Jacko some of that.

So every animal boy or girl got just what they asked for—one wish and no more—and when Susie, the rabbit girl, told them Uncle Wiggily had done it all, with the help of Alad

din of the Arabian Nights and his wonderful lamp, every one thought it was magical and they thanked the bunny uncle and Aladdin very much, as well as the painted paper fairies.

So the bunny made a very happy Valentine day for his friends, who might have wished for diamond rings and gotten them, as well as for the simple things they did. But they were just as happy, especially Susie, whose pencil points never again broke in school.

And if the plate of ice cream doesn't spill on the hot radiator and turn into a steam pudding, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the dancing shoes.

CHAPTER VIII
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE DANCING SHOES

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was going through the woods near his hollow stump bungalow one day when, from behind some trees, he heard a voice saying:

"Oh, I can't stop! How I wish I could stop, but I can't! I am so tired of dancing!"

Then the bunny gentleman heard rustling in the dried leaves, for there was no snow on the ground just then.

"Why, this is rather queer," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. "Some one wants to stop dancing and can't. I've known many persons who wanted to go on dancing but couldn't, because the music stopped playing. But this is something different. I must see what it is all about."

Carefully he peeked through the screen of bushes, which were quite thick, though they had no leaves on them, and the bunny gen tleman saw a little girl, whose name was Clotilda, and who wore a blue dress and red shoes, dancing up and down on a pile of leaves. _

She was such a tired little girl, and, though she kept on dancing, it was easily seen that she was weary of that, too. Uncle Wiggily felt sorry for her.

"My dear child!" cried the bunny uncle, hopping out from behind the bushes, "if you are tired of dancing why don't you stop?"

"I just can't!" was the half crying answer. "Once I did a favor for a fairy, and she said I could ask in return whatever I liked. I made a wish that I might dance all the while, never thinking how tired I would get of it.

"No sooner had I wished than I found these red fairy shoes on my feet, and I could dance better than any of the other girls. They called me Clotilda Goody Two-Shoes, because my shoes were so nice, and they all said I danced lovely.

It has been ever since. I have had to go on dancing, even in my sleep. I wear my shoes all the while!"

"That is too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "Why don't you take them off?"

"They won't come ofii," said Clotilda Goody Two-Shoes, about whom there is a very pretty story written, even better than this one I am telling you. "My red shoes won't come off," she whispered.

"Let me try," said Uncle Wiggily. He tried to grasp the little girl in his paws, but she kept dancing about so fast that he could not get hold of her until he had tried three mag ical times. Then he held her by the legs and tried to take off her shoes, but they seemed glued on.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I see that this is a case for Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. She knows all about shoes, for she polishes her own and mine, too. We'll go see Nurse Jane."

"But I shall have to dance there," said Goody Two-Shoes, whose feet had not kept still even while Uncle Wiggily was trying to pull off the red dancing slippers. "I can't walk any more."

"Dance as much as you like," said the bunny. "Nurse Jane doesn't mind. Some times she and I do the Rat-Tail Ring Around the Rosey all by ourselves."

"If you had danced as long as I have, with out stopping, you'd be tired of it. I hope you or Nurse Jane can cure me," spoke Goody Two-Shoes.

"We'll do our best," said Uncle Wiggily, kindly.

Then he went on toward his hollow stump bungalow, with Goody Two-Shoes dancing on behind over the dry leaves.

"Bless and save us!" cried Nurse Jane when she saw Uncle Wiggily coming along. "Have you hired a new dancing teacher?"

Nurse Jane was much surprised.

"Not in the least," answered the rabbit gentleman, and then he told all about the poor little girl who had made such a foolish wish, and who had to keep on jiggling her feet.

"Do you think you can cure me, Miss Fuzzy

Wuzzy?" asked the dancing girl, never keep ing still a minute.

"I don't know, but I'll try," said the musk rat lady. So she tried getting the red slip pers off Goody Two-Shoes, but the girl's feet would not keep still long enough. Then Nurse Jane tried to polish the slippers, but that was worse, for Goody kicked a bottle of polish over

on the piano, where it did some good, for the piano needed polishing, though the little girl did it by accident. But nothing Nurse Jane or Uncle Wiggily could do would make the little girl stop dancing.

She danced standing up to her supper, and she even made her feet wiggle when she went to lie down. Dr. Possum was called in, but he could do nothing.

"You must get hold of the fairy who en chanted the shoes and ask her to take the dancing part out of them, and make them just plain walking shoes," said Dr. Possum.

"Oh, how I wish I could!" cried the poor lit tle dancing girl, who was very tired.

"Wait!" said Uncle Wiggily. "My friend Sinbad the Sailor, with the magical wishing carpet, is just the one for a trick like this. We'll go see him," and he and the dancing girl did.

"The dancing shoes fairy?" cried Sinbad, when they were at his palace. "Why, of course I know where she is! She is away on her vacation at the Golden Mountain. It won't take a minute for me to go there on my magical airship carpet, and have her stop the dancing shoes. I'll be very glad to do that for you, Uncle Wiggily."

Then Sinbad the Sailor, whom the rabbit gentleman had once helped, sat on his mag ical carpet, or rug, and wished himself at the Golden Mountain.

There Sinbad found the dancing fairy, and as soon as she heard about Goody Two Shoes she said:

"Oh, that's too bad! I never knew she would have all that trouble! I should have told her to dance backward, and then she could have stopped waltzing whenever she wished. But I forgot all about it. However, I'll take the red dancing shoes back and give her a pair of green ones, so she will only have to dance when she wants to. Presto chango --it is done!"

"Thank you for myself, for Uncle Wiggily, and for Clotilda, the nice little girl," said Sin bad. And when he reached his palace where the bunny uncle and Clotilda Goody Two Shoes were waiting for him, he found the feet of the tired little girl quite still. And on them were green shoes instead of red and she was very happy, for now she could rest, and only dance waltzes and fox trots in the pear-tree garden of Nan Kin Kan, the Chinese Emperor, whenever she wished, or when the nightingale sang at the close of a perfect day.

And if the Japanese banjo doesn't break the string around the bag of sugar and make the coffee jump into the teapot, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the shivery boy.

CHAPTER IX.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE SHIVERY BOY

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily Long ears, the bunny gentleman, was hopping through the woods, he suddenly broke through the ice over a puddle of water, and before he could get out both his rubber boots were filled and he was so cold that he shiv ered and shook.

"Oh, help! Help, if you please!" called the rabbit gentleman. "If I don't get out of here soon I'lI. freeze, for my hind paws are stuck fast in the water and mud!"

"Oh, how I wish I were in your place," cried a voice from the other side of a bramble briar bush. "I would not be calling for help if I were stuck fast like that."

"Why not?" asked the bunny uncle. "Do you mean to say you would be glad to be in here-freezing?"

"I would," was the answer, and out stepped a big boy, with a freckly face, a turned up nose and red hair. "The only trouble is I would not be freezing, for, no matter how cold I get I can't shiver," he went on.

"You can't shiver?" asked Uncle Wiggily in surprise. "Well, you must be a strange boy. I can shiver enough, I can tell you! And if I don't get out of here soon I'll shiver to death. Burr-r-r-r! It's cold!"

"Oh, I wouldn't want that to happen," said the funny boy. "I wouldn't want you to freeze, so I'll help you out myself," and with that he waded right into the freezing, muddy puddle and pulled out Uncle Wiggily, who was stuck fast.

"There you are!" cried the boy, as he set Uncle Wiggily on firm ground. "Now you are all right."

"You have been very kind to me," said the bunny gentleman. "I wish I could do some thing for you."

"Just make me shiver," was the answer. "That's all I ask."

"But why are you so anxious to shiver?" inquired the rabbit bunny.

"Because whoever is the best one to shiver in our country is always made king," was the

answer. "The old king is going to give up the throne, and there are a lot of his sons, nephews, cousins and so on, who are anxious to be king in his place.

"But whoever takes the throne must be a fine shiverer. The king is a good one at that. He shivers if a window is open such a little crack that you can hardly get a toothpick in it. And the king's son is a good shiverer, too. He shivers if the window in his room is left open only such a little crack that a piece of paper will hardly go under it.

"But I can't seem to shiver," went on the freckled boy. "I have gone in bathing when the cold wind blew. I have stood in front of an electric fan with a wet shirt on, and I have listened to a boy draw a scratchy nail across a piece of glass. That makes lots of people shiver, but not me. So I fear I'll never be a good shiverer, and sit on the throne."

"That is too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "I~ am not a good shiverer myself, but perhaps I can tell you how to become one."

"Oh, if you only can!" cried the red-haired boy. "I would so much love to be king. But

I never could shiver enough. Every one else but me can shiver. Oh, dear!"

"Meet me here in about an hour," said Un cle Wiggily, "and I promise that you shall shiver, if you never have before."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the snub-nosed boy, as Uncle Wiggily hurried home to get on dry socks and boots. And then, when he was dry, and not shivering any more, the bunny rab bit went over to a friend of his and had a long talk with him.

"Of course I'll try to make him shiver," said Uncle Wiggily's friend. "Bring him right along with you."

So Uncle Wiggily went to where he had left the red-haired boy, who was trying to make himself shiver by dropping icicles down his back, and all things like that.

"Come with me," said Mr. Longears, "and you will soon shiver." So he led the boy along a frozen brook, and, half way across, Uncle Wiggily suddenly pushed the boy through the ice into the deep, cold water.

"Are you shivering yet?" asked the rabbit bunny.

"Not a bit! I am so warm I am going to take off my coat," the red-haired boy said.

Then Uncle Wiggily led him to a snow bank, and pushed him in head first.

"You meant it all right," said the boy, as he pawed his way out. "But still I do not shiver."

"Then this is your last chance," said Uncle Wiggily. "Here, go in this cave, and if you do not shiver in there I fear there is no hope for you," and he thrust the red-haired boy into a dark cave.

At first the boy could see nothing, but soon his eyes became used to the gloom, and he noticed cakes and cakes of solidly frozen ice.

"Pooh, as if that could make me shiver!" said the youth. "I have even sat on an ice cream freezer." Then he saw some white bears going to sleep on some of the cakes of ice, with a bed quilt made of woven icicles to pull over them, and pillows stuffed with snow flakes.

"That must be quite some chilly," said the youth. "I begin to shiver a little bit. But not enough."

Then the red-haired fellow saw a white bear come in and sit down to a table, on which were plates of solid ice and dishes of the same. The knives and forks were carved out of icicles and the chairs were of ice, while the tablecloth was made of frozen snow.

Then the white bear began to eat ice bread spread with ice butter, with frozen jam on top and snow sifted in between. And for cof fee the white bear drank a cup full of water with cakes of ice floating in it, and when he came to the dessert of frosty pudding, with icicle spoons in it, the bear cried:

"Ha! There is something hot in here! Some one has been building a fire. Oh, how warm I am!"

"No, Mr. Whitewash," said Uncle Wiggily to the polar bear, for it was he, "it is this boy's red hair that makes it so warm in your ice cave."

"Ha! His red hair, eh?" cried Mr. White wash. "I'll soon fix him!" and just in fun, and make-believe, the polar bear rushed at the boy, showing his big white teeth and red tongue, and the boy cried:

"That's enough! Oh, how I shiver!

I shiver-iver-iver!"

And he did, and he kept on shivering, even when he got to his own warm Arabian Nights country, every time he thought of the cave of Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear gentleman. And the boy kept on shivering when he be came king, which he did in about a week, be ing the most shaky shiverer in the whole land.

So Uncle Wiggily gave some one the shiv ers, anyhow, and if the mud pie doesn't go out walking with the chocolate cake and get so mixed up from seeing the moving pictures that it forgets to come to the back door for breakfast, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the brave tin soldier.

STORY X
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE TIN SOLDIER

Once upon a time there was a brave tin sol dier who lived in a box of toys with many other things to make happy little girls and boys. Now, this soldier, about whom a man named Mr. Anderson has written a very beautiful story, was brave, even though he had only one leg. In fact, some soldiers that have only one leg are braver than others with two or three.

Now, it so happened one day that, when Uncle Wiggily was walking through the woods, near his hollow stump bungalow, look ing for an adventure, the bunny gentleman chanced to see another and different tin sol dier, sitting down behind a stump. And this soldier seemed to be feeling very badly in deed.

"Pray what is the trouble, brave soldier?" asked the bunny gentleman, kindly.

Up sprang the soldier to his feet, and he held his tin gun up very straight and saluted by bringing his hand to his head and down to. his leg again, with a

clang just as when the can opener hits the cofiee strainer. For the soldier, though tin, could speak and talk like a real person, and Uncle Wiggily could do the same thing, this being one of the few mag ical times when such things happened.

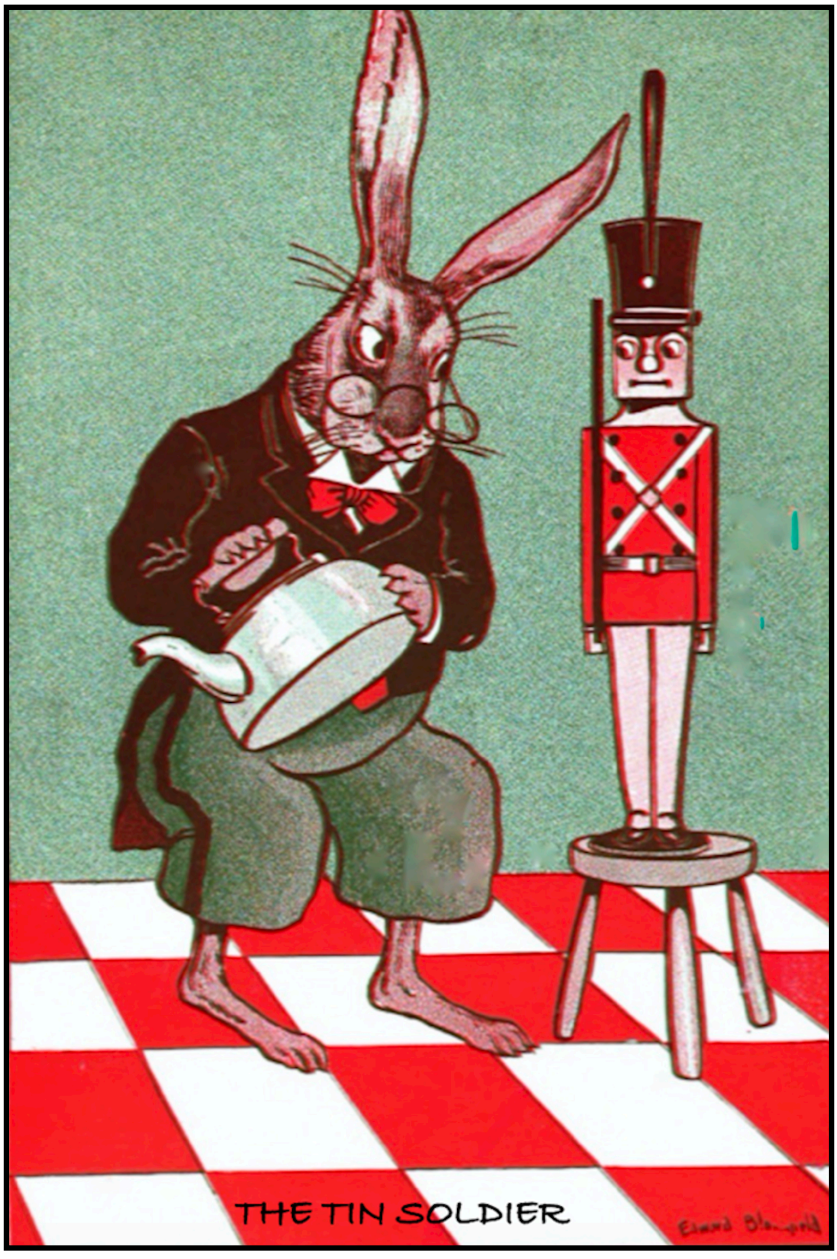
"Pray do not call me brave soldier," said the tin one.

"Why not?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "You seem quite brave, with your bright, shining gun, your sword by your side and your strong legs, on which to stand and fight."

"Ah, that is just the trouble," said the tin soldier, "I ought to be brave, but I am not as brave as the soldier who had only one leg~ the one Mr. Anderson wrote about. For, though he had but one leg, he stood up very brave and stiff. And he sailed down the sewer pipe in a paper boat. He wasn't afraid of the sewer rat, and finally a big fish swal lowed him."

"Is that all that happened?" asked Uncle Wiggily, curious like.

"No," said the other tin soldier. "When


THE TIN SOLDIER

the fish was cut open, ready to be cooked, in side him was found the brave tin soldier, still standing at attention on his one leg, and he was given to the same little boy who had first owned him."

"And is that all that happened?" again asked Uncle Wiggily.

"No," said the two-legged soldier. "All at once the little boy, who had many other tin soldiers, took the single legged one and threw him into the hot fire of the stove. And, at the same time, the wind blew into the fire a lovely little paper dancing lady, whom the brave tin soldier loved very much. The tin soldier melted down into the shape of a heart, and the paper dancing lady was burned to a cinder, and they each loved one another more than before. But was not that soldier brave?"

"Yes, he was brave," said Uncle Wiggily. "But I think you would be brave if you were called on to be. You are made of tin and lead, and it would take a very hot fire to melt you."

"Oh, but I'm afraid of being melted, and going in the hot fire," said the soldier. "I am afraid, and anyone who is afraid cannot be brave."

"One cannot be sure of that," said the bunny uncle. "Now, if you wish to try and see

how brave you will be I'll take you with me to my hollow stump bungalow and we shall see Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. She, herself, is very brave."

Very well, said the tin and lead soldier. "Please do, and we shall see what happens. I hope to prove to be brave, though, and not a coward, when the time comes."

So Uncle Wiggily took the tin-lead soldier home, and no sooner had the bunny gentle man entered his hollow stump bungalow than Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, cried:

"Don't take your things off, Uncle Wiggily. You will have to go to the plumber's for me and get him to mend a big hole in the tea kettle before I can get supper. The water all leaks out and wets the fire so it won't burn."

"All right, I'1l take the kettle at once," said Uncle Wiggily. "And here is a friend come to stay to supper. He is a brave tin-lead sol dier."

"Oh, I fear I am not brave," said the sol dier whom the bunny took out of his pocket. "I only wish I were!"

"I'm sure you will be," spoke the rabbit gentleman, as he took the leaky tea kettle and

started off across the fields toward the plumber's shop.

Pretty soon Uncle Wiggily came back. He hopped slowly to the bungalow.

"Is the kettle fixed so I can boil water and make tea?" asked Nurse Jane.

"No," said Uncle Wiggily. "The plumber has gone away. But his wife told me if we had a bit of lead about the house, and would put it over the hole in the kettle, and then put a red hot poker on the lead, the lead would melt, and stop up the leaky hole as good as the plumber could do it himself."

"Fine!" cried Nurse Jane. "But We have no lead in the house."

Then it was that the brave tin-lead soldier stepped up. He held his tin gun very stiffly on his shoulder. He saluted with his hand, slapping it down with a tin clang on his tin knee, and stood at attention.

"If you please," he cried, "use me!"

"Use you for what?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Use me as melted lead to fix the hole in your tea kettle," said the soldier. "I will try to be brave. I will try not to be afraid of the red hot poker."

"Oh, no! I would never think of doing that," said the bunny uncle.

"Please do," begged the soldier. "Then I would be brave like the one-legged soldier. I would die in the red fire as he did, and I would be doing something useful. Please melt me to stop the leak in the tea kettle." And he begged so hard, and was so much in earnest, that Uncle Wiggily heated the poker red hot. He put the lead soldier over the hole in the tea kettle.

The soldier stood up bravely. He saluted, but when the red hot poker was touched to him he slowly melted down into a shiny round bit of lead that filled the hole completely.

"Oh, the leak in my kettle is stopped!" cried Nurse Jane. "It is all right now."

Yes, and there died a brave toy soldier," said Uncle Wiggily, and he put carefully away the little bit of lead that was left after the hole was stopped. It was part of the lit tle soldier's gun.

And so passed away a brave tin-lead sol dier, and if the gold fish doesn't try to pull up a bucket of orange juice from the ink well, to give the canary a drink, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the seven swans.

CHAPTER XI.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE SEVEN SWANS

Walking through the woods near his hol low stump bungalow one day, as he often did to find an adventure, Uncle Wiggily Long ears, the rabbit gentleman, heard from be hind a briar bush a funny click-clacking noise.

"That is rather strange," he said. "That sounds like some adventure. I wonder who can be doing that? It may be Grandfather Goosey Gander playing Scotch checkers all by himself. I'll stop and join him in a game."

Uncle Wiggily peeked from behind the bush, but instead of seeing his old friend Grandpa Goosey he saw a little girl sitting on a rock, sewing away at some grass shirts with a needle made from a thorn and thread made from the ribbon grass.

"Oh, ho! Little girl! So it was your thorn needle, as it went back and forth through the

grass shirts, that made the clicking sound," said Uncle Wiggily. "For whom are you sew ing, and why are you in such a hurry?" said Uncle Wiggily. "For whom are you sew ing, and why are you in such a hurry?"

But the little girl answered never a word. She only kept on sewing, now putting buttons holes in the shirts, now sewing on a sleeve, now putting on a collar, a button or whatever shirts need to have.

"Perhaps she has no tongue and can't talk," said Uncle Wiggily. "I will ask her in writing."

So on a white piece of birch bark, with a stick, blackened in the fire for a pencil, the bunny gentleman asked the little girl why she was sewing the shirts so fast.

The little girl wrote this answer:

"Many years ago a bad fairy changed my seven brothers into seven big, White swans. I went to a good fairy to have her change the enchantment, and make my brothers boys again. The good fairy said if I would make seven grass shirts in seven years, and never in all that time speak a single Word, at the end, if I slipped the grass shirts on over my brothers' wings, they would be changed back into them-

selves again. So this is what I am doing. I may not speak of it, but I may write."

"But don't you want some help?" asked Uncle Wiggily, writing on his piece of bark. "Are not the seven years nearly up?" And he twinkled his pink nose hopeful like.

"Yes," wrote back the little girl, whose name was Marcia. "I am afraid I shall not have the shirts finished on time. I have two yet to make, and the shirt grass is getting more and more scarce. I have to travel far ther and farther each day to gather it."

"Ha! Then it will be a great pleasure for me to help you," wrote Uncle Wiggily. "I will have my friends, Sammie and Susie Lit tletail, the rabbits, Johnnie and Billie Bushy tail, the sqirrels, and Nannie and Billie Wag tail, the goats, as well as Jollie and Jillie Longtail, the mouse children, go all over the woods and fields gathering shirt grass for you, so all you will need to do will be to sew."

"That is very kind of you," said the little girl, writing the words on the birch bark. "And if you will have them bring the shirt grass every day to the cabin where I live with my brothers, the seven swans, I will be much obliged to you."

"Don't mention it," wrote Uncle Wiggily.

Then he went away to get all his little ani mal friends to gather the shirt grass for the swans' sister, and Susie, Nannie and some of the animal girls offered to sew buttons on the shirts, but the little girl said she, only, was allowed to do it.

"Oh, now I know who she is," said Susie Littletail, when she had brought her paw full of grass to the log cabin one day. "I know her now. I remember."

"Who is she?" asked Uncle Wiggily. He flopped, one ear front; the other back.

"She's in a book like the Arabian Nights," said Susie, "and her brothers, the seven swans, are seven princes."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Jillie Longtail, the mouse, "And I suppose when they are chang ed from swans to princes again we'll hear nothing but palace talk, like 'An it please your gracious majesty, your orders shall be obeyed!' "

"Oh, that will be fun!" cried Nannie Wag tail, the goat, and all the others said the same thing.

So each day the animal children brought grass for the little girl to sew into magical shirts to change the swans back into princes.

And one morning, when Susie came with her load of grass, and found Uncle Wiggily at the log cabin, where he had gone to see that everything would be all right, the little rabbit girl said:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily, something dreadful is going to happen!"

"What, Susie?" asked the bunny anxiously.

"Oh, the little girl is not going to get the seven grass shirts done in time. One sleeve of the last shirt will be missing, and when she puts that shirt on her youngest brother he will be turned back into a prince all right, but his left arm will be a swan's wing. I know

for I read about how it happened in the book."

"Then we'll fool the book," said Uncle Wiggily. "We won't say anything to the little girl, but I'll have Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, my muskrat lady housekeeper, make an extra

grass shirt sleeve, and, at the right moment, we'll put it on the shirt for the seventh swan brother prince."

"Fine!" cried Susie and Uncle Wiggily's pink nose twinkled twice as fast as before.

At last the day came. The little girl had her shirts all ready (except the one with the

missing sleeve, about which she had forgot ten) as there came flying through the air the seven swans to the log cabin.

Each swan, as he flew down, landed in front of the little girl, who threw over him the grass shirt she had sewn. Instantly, the swan was changed into a beautiful prince who bowed to Uncle Wiggily, the little girl, his sister, and everybody.

And so it went on until six swans had been changed back into princes. Then, as the lit tle girl threw the seventh shirt over the sev enth swan, she noticed for the first time that the shirt had but one sleeve.

"Oh dear, what shall I do?" cried the lit-tle girl, sadly.

Out from the ground sprang the bad fairy.

"Ha!" she cried, "you made a mistake, and

you spoke before it was time. For that your last brother shall have, instead of an arm, a swan's wing! Bah!"

"Well, I guess not!" cried Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. "I can do a little fairy business myself when I want to." Then she slipped upon the

last grass shirt the extra sleeve she had made and so the seventh swan was changed into a complete proper prince with two arms like his brothers and everyone else.

So everything came out all right, and the good fairy flew around and changed the log cabin to a palace, and Uncle Wiggily, Nurse Jane and the animal children used often to visit the little princess and her seven brother princes, and have tea with them.

So this teaches us it is a good thing to know how to sew, and if the bath room sponge does not take all the water out of the cuckoo clock's seed dish, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Pied Piper.

CHAPTER XII.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PIED PIPER

Once upon a time there was a pied piper. Now that may sound like a very funny ani mal, but I tell you the truth it isn't anything of the sort. A pied piper is nothing but a man.

The reason he was called "pied" is that he wore a coat of many colors. The colors all ran together just as the colors run together in a pie. So, I suppose, in that way they got the name pied.

As for piper, you can easily guess what that means. He played a pipe of many tunes, and so he was called the pied piper.

So you see how easy it is, after all, to find out about things, just like some of those hard examples of dividing three pears among five boys when you only have apples enough for two girls. Or like that big music lesson, which seems to be all black notes in the book, but when you look at it again, many of the notes are all the same, and they make a thun dery-shower sort of a noise but very easy to play with one finger.

Thus we have the pied piper, and he lived in a far off town. One day he was traveling through the woods, taking care not to let his many-colored coat get up against the prickly briar bushes, and be torn, when, all of a sud den, he met Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman.

"How do you do?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "You are from the Arabian Nights, aren't you?"

"Well, not exactly," answered the Pied Piper. "I know Sinbad the Sailor, Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and a few like that. But I, really, belong in another book. I s'pose you know what I've come for," went on the Pied Piper.

"No, not exactly," said Uncle Wiggily, slowly.

"I thought you knew," went on the funny man with the pipe, or horn. "You know I am the greatest rat-catcher in the world. I went once to the town of Hamelin, in Germany and I played such rat-catching tunes on my pipe that all the rats in the chimneys, in the steep les and everywhere came out and were drowned in the river Wesser, for I made them follow me to the bank, and they were so car ried away with my music that every one

jumped in the water and was drowned, and no more were the good people of Hamelin bothered by rats in their parlors, kitchen and dining rooms."

"That was quite a wonderful thing to do," said Uncle Wiggily. "I hope there were no good rats who were drowned."

"No, only bad ones," said the Pied Piper. "But a sad thing happened after that."

"What?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Well, those people in the city of Hamelin acted real mean toward me," said the Pied, or colored, Piper. "They wouldn't pay me the thousand dollars they promised to, for get ting rid of the rats for them, so I played a different tune on my pipe."

"And what happened then?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Well, all the children followed me, just as the rats did, and I led them to-"

"Not to the river! Don't tell me you were as cruel as that!" said Uncle Wiggily, his pink nose twinkling so fast that it almost made him cross-eyed.

"No, I didn't do that," said the Pied Piper. "But, by means of the merry tune of my pipe I led the children into a cave in the

mountain, and there they are yet, I suppose, for there was plenty to eat and drink in the cave. It was a fairy one. The children are very hap py there, I'm sure."

"But think of their poor fathers and mothers," said Uncle Wiggily. "How badly they must feel at not seeing their little ones again. That is bad, Pied Piper of Hamelin, very sad and bad."

"Well, maybe it is," agreed the queerly dressed little man. "But it's that way in the book, and so it had to be. Besides why didn't the fathers and mothers kindly pay me the thousand dollars they promised for getting rid of the rats? Answer me that, if you please."

"They should have done that," said Uncle Wiggily. "They certainly should have done that."

Then the rabbit gentleman thought a minute and, after he had pinkled his twink nose once or twice, and flopped both ears he said:

"Would you mind if I opened that cave and let the children all out again, to go home to their parents?"

"Not in the least," said the Pied Piper. "I have often felt sorry myself for leading the children away, and really did not mean to do

it. But I have forgotten where the cave is in the mountain, and so I can't let the children out, much as I wish to do so."

"I'll attend to that," said the rabbit gentle man. "Just come with me. I will lead you to the house of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. All he has to do is to rub the lamp, and what ever he wishes comes to pass."

"I'm willing," said the Pied Piper of Ham elin. "That's great!" So he and Uncle Wiggily went to where Aladdin lived in his hand some Arabian Nights palace,

and when Alad din heard Uncle Wiggily's wish about giving the children back to their fathers and moth ers, the wonderful lamp youth said:

"Certainly I will open the cave, and set the children free. Blow a blast of pretty music on your horn, Piper."

So the piper blew. Instantly there was a flash of lightning, a shower of rain and it seemed as though the mountains were rocked by a thunder clap, and then through the woods came marching hundreds of merry boys and girls, a little pale from staying in the fairy cave so long, but otherwise happy and joyful, and glad to be in the sunshine again.

"Now play a merry tune for them, and they'll march home for you," said Aladdin,

who had had Ali Baba of the Forty Thieves open the cave for him, after Aladdin had found it in the woods by means of his magic lamp. All Ali Baba had to say was: “Open Sesame!” and the cave opened.

“Lead the children home, Pied Piper,” said Aladdin. “Pipe them a merry tune.”

“Before I do that may I not have the pleas ure of doing something for you, Uncle Wiggily?” asked the Pied Piper. “Keeping the children in the cave has worried me a long while, even if I had to do it because it was in the book, and I am glad they are free, for I myself did not know how to get them out. So let me do you a favor.”

“Well, we like all the rats and mice we have in Woodland,” said Uncle Wiggily, “for they are all our friends. But, if you will, you may play a merry little dancing tune for the real children and my animal friends.”

So the Pied Piper, who was a wonderful player, played such sweet music that every one danced, even Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. And the real boys and girls danced on to their home town of Ham elin, on the Wesser river, and you can just imagine how glad their fathers and mothers were to get them back.

Susie Littletail
JANE CAMPBELL
"You may have one wish."

So the mayor of the town sent the Pied Pip er the thousand rat-dollars and everyone was glad, and the Piper lived happily for ever after, playing sweet tunes on his pipe. So you see Uncle Wiggily did a good thing after all.

And if the man doesn't sprinkle water on our sidewalk, and make icicles hang down from our front porch to tickle the milk man, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the barber.

CHAPTER XIII.
UNCLE WIGGILY

AND THE BARBER

Once in the far-off city of Bagdad there dwelt a king, or emperor, who was named Caliph Haroun al Raschid. He was very fond of going about at night, with a cloak over his face and gold or silver clothes, so no one would know him. For at night, after their day's work the people spoke what they really thought and did what they really wanted to, which they would not have done had they known the Caliph, or ruler, was among them wearing his golden crown and his diamond shoes.

The Caliph Haroun al Raschid was very fond of going about in the evening dressed so no one could tell who he was. He called it his "Night Excursion," and whenever he saw any one of his people doing anything queer he would have one of his secret guards, or sol diers, slip up to such a one, and tell him to come around to the palace in the morning."

"The King wants you to tell him, at the palace, why you act so queerly," the Caliph would have his guard say, "and if the story of your doings is a good one he will give you golden money."

So the people were very fond of going to the Caliph's palace, telling him why they had done queer things, and they were always on the lookout for him at night. But as he dressed himself and his guards differently each evening before starting out, no one ever knew him until it was too late.

One day Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny, who was having a little vacation near Bagdad, where the Caliph lived, was sur prised to receive a very special message from the ruler.

"Uncle Wiggily, don't you want to go on an excursion with me tonight?" asked the Caiph. "We may have an adventure, and hear at the palace, later, a good story about it for your new book."

"I certainly do want to go," said the bunny uncle. "I will come over in my airship," which he did, having it painted red, white and blue on purpose to match his rheuma tism crutch which Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, had gnawed for him out of a corn stalk.

Then having arrived in Bagdad, Uncle Wiggily got ready for his night adventure with the Caliph. Uncle Wiggily dressed him self up

like a little sheep, and the Caliph made himself look like a sailor, while the guards

seemed like beggars, so no one knew them at all.

The Caliph and Uncle Wiggily had not walked very far through the evening streets of Bagdad, the wonderful city, when, all at once, at a street corner where there was a candy stand, and a place where a man sold orangeade, they saw a barber sitting on a rug, his feet stretched out in front of him and a basket of glass was near his feet.

The barber, in spite of the evening crowds, seemed to be fast asleep, and Uncle Wiggily said:

"That is a funny way to do business, and sell glassware. He ought to shout and tell what he has to sell, as the other stand owners all around him are doing."

"That is right," said the Caliph. For the

other standkeepers were shouting: "Fresh figs for sale! Dates and candy at your choice! Coffee as black as night and sweet as honey! Cakes for the hungry!" '

And then, suddenly, as if awakened from his sleep, the barber quickly sat up, and, thrusting out his feet, cried:

"Ha! That is how I shall treat them! Be gone, slaves!"

And, as his feet struck the basket of glass dishes in front of him, it was tipped over and nearly every dish was broken into hundreds of pieces.

"Ha! That is what happens to the proud Hassan!" cried the other stand-keepers. "Every night Hassan breaks a basket of dishes. How will he ever make money this way? Ooo-la!"

"That is a strange fellow," said Uncle Wiggily, nodding toward the barber.

"I should say so!" whispered the Caliph. "I must know more about him. Bid him come to my palace in the morning," the King gave the order to his guards, and, making their way through the crowd, which gathered to see the broken glass, the soldiers delivered the message to the barber.

He was very much frightened at being told to appear at the palace before the Caliph, but the guards said no harm would come to him, so the barber swept up the pieces of broken glass and tossed them into a barrel. -Then he went home.

The next morning Uncle Wiggily Long ears, by special permission, sat on the throne

beside the Caliph Haroun al Raschid at Bag dad.

"Let us first hear from the barber—the breaker of glass," said the Caliph, and up stepped the queer man with the basket of broken dishes under his arm.

"Why did you do such a foolish thing as to break all the dishes you had to sell?" asked the Caliph.

"Because that is the way I am going to treat all men who come to me to be shaved, when I have gotten rich," said the barber. "I hope soon to cease being a barber. I want to be a merchant and sell glass. So I buy a little basket full every night. Then I sit beside my

basket and dream and every time the dream is the same. I dream that I have become very rich, and that I sit on a high throne. And when there appears before me the men who used to come to me to have me make a lather and sharpen my razor and shave them, I say:

" 'Away with you! I shave no more!' and I push them away with my feet and they fall over."

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggily. "But you are very silly if you dream such dreams. For when you kick out your feet, as you dream, you do not strike the men of whom you dream but

your basket of dishes. You will never get rich this way."

"Then what shall I do?" asked, the barber of the Caliph. "For I am very tired of being a barber."

"You answer him, Uncle Wiggily," said the Caliph, "for I can see you are a wise rabbit. Tell him what to do, and it shall be done."

"I think he should stay a barber until he has money enough saved up to start a glass store," said the bunny.

"I think so, too," said the Caliph. "Then he will not have to keep his glass in a basket where it may be kicked over." For though many merchants in Bagdad have their goods on little stands or baskets in the street, others have stores such as you see here.

"But I can never get rich shaving men here in Bagdad," said the barber.

"Then come to Woodland," said the bunny. "It will soon be spring there, and all we ani mals will want our winter coat of hair and fur cut. You can find plenty of cutting to do, and we will pay you well, so you will soon be rich, and can buy a whole glass store."

"So I can," cried the barber. "I'm never going to be so foolish as to sit and dream in front of a basket of glass again."

And he did not and the Caliph Haroun al Raschid invited Uncle Wiggily to come to Bagdad again and have more adventures. And the bunny said he would. So the barber and the bunny sailed for Woodland on the magic carpet of Sinbad, the Sailor, and if the candlestick doesn't jump over Jack and the bean stalk, I'll next tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the one-eyed man.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BLIND MAN

Well, where are you going this morning?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she saw Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, hopping out of his hollow stump bungalow one day. "Out for another adventure, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, you might call it that, I sup pose," said the bunny gentleman, slowly. "My friend Caliph Haroun al Raschid, of Bagdad, has asked me to go on another night walk around the city with him, and I think I shall."

"Isn't it a bit early to start?" asked Nurse Jane. _

"Well, Bagdad is a long way from here," said Uncle Wiggily, "and I don't like to keep the Caliph waiting. You see we have to disguise ourselves."

"What's that?" asked Nurse Jane, curious like.

"I mean we have to dress up as the animal. children do on Hallowe'en," went on the bun

ny uncle. “That’s so the people in the streets won’t know the Caliph. Then he can hear them and see them naturally, and as they are, and he gets some fun out of it. So do I. Often the people do queer things, and the Caliph has them tell him about it at the palace next morning. Don’t you remember about the barber who broke his basket of dishes every night?”

“Oh, yes, so I do! He’s coming soon to cut our long winter fur. It will be spring in about a month longer,” said Nurse J ane.

“And very glad I shall be of it,” went on Uncle Wiggily. Then he went out in the barn to get his airship ready for the trip to Bag dad, and soon he was on his way, politely tip ping his tall silk hat to Nurse Jane as he flew above the clouds.

That night Uncle Wiggily was in Bagdad, and at the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The Caliph disguised, or dressed himself up like a farmer, and Uncle Wiggily went disguised as a milkman while the Caliph’s guards were telegraph messengers on roller skates.

“Now to set forth and see what extraor dinary adventures we shall find,” said the Caliph to the bunny uncle.

"I am with you!" exclaimed the rabbit gen tleman, glad like and free.

Out into the streets of Bagdad they went, and though they saw many things, and many persons acting queerly, still they were not queer enough for the Caliph to want to hear their story at his palace next morning.

Finally, however, they came to a blind man, who was playing a little hand organ and beg ging pennies. He looked so poor and lone some that the Caliph sent one of the guards to give the blind beggar a hundred pennies. When the poor man heard all these pennies falling into his cup, he caught hold of the guard and cried:

"I thank a million times whoever gives this but I cannot take it unless whoever gives it to me at the same time gives me a blow on the head."

The guard telling the beggar to wait a min ute, came back and told the Caliph what the man had said. The King thought it was very queer, but as the blind man would not otherwise take the money the ruler finally consented to give him a light tap on the head.

"Thank you,". said the blind man. "Now I can freely take your pennies, otherwise I could not."

"This is very strange," said the Caliph to Uncle Wiggily. "I think we should hear his story in the morning at the palace."

"I think so, too," Uncle Wiggily said. So the blind beggar man was told to be at the palace of the Caliph, and, though wondering much about it, he said he would be there on time, for he had a little dog to lead him about.

Bright and early he was at the palace, and the Caliph, coming out to sit on his throne, said:

"Come, blind man, why was it you would not let me give you pennies last night unless I also struck you on the head?"

"That is a penance, or a punishment I take upon myself to make up for a bad thing I did many years ago," said the blind man, with a low bow.

"Tell us what it was you did bad," said the

Caliph. "Maybe Uncle Wiggily can make a story about it to put in a book he is writing about us Arabian Nights folk."

"Here is my story," said the blind man, sit ting on the red carpet at the foot of the Caliph's throne. "Though I am not sure how

you will like it. However I will tell it to you and you can decide for yourselves.

"When I was young I wanted very great riches, but though I tried all the ways I knew I could, by hard work, only get a little gold. I had enough, though, to buy me some camels.

"One day, out in the desert, I met a dervish, or holy man. He made a magical fire and then the side of a nearby mountain opened, and I saw a cave filled with gold and dia monds, more than in Ali Baba's. We loaded my camels with diamonds and gold, and be fore the dervish closed up the cave I saw him take out a small box of sweet smelling oint ment, which he put in his pocket.

"Then he closed the cave again, and we went on with the camels laden with gold. And as I had promised I gave him half my camels, and took the other half for myself. But when he had gone about half a mile on his way I happened to think like this:

"What does a holy man want with so much gold? It will only be a bother to him. I had better ask him to give me back ten camels. So I ran up to him and asked him for ten cam els, which he freely gave me. Then in a little while I thought again:

"What is the use of a holy man having any camels or gold or diamonds? I will get him to give them all to me.

"And he did, saying I could make better use of them than he. Then I thought of the box of ointment I had seen him put in his pocket. Doubtless that is more valuable than all, I thought. So I asked for that and the dervish gave it to me, but told me to be very careful how I used it.

"'If you put a little of this salve on your left eye you will see all the riches of the earth,' said the dervish, 'but if you put the least bit on your right eye you will be made blind at once.' "

"I quickly put some of the ointment on my left eye," went on the beggar telling his story to Uncle Wiggily, "and instantly I saw all the treasures under the mountains, and in the seas of the earth. Then, being very foolish and curious, I put some of the ointment on my right eye, and I became blind in that eye, and, in a little while I lost the sight of both, so I could not see at all, though of late, since I have to beg my living, and have made every one who gave me anything hit me on the head, I can see a little, but not much. The dervish drove all my camels away with him, which he

had a right to do since I had not treated him as I should."

"You have indeed done wrong," said the Caliph, "but you have caused yourself pen ance, or suffering, by letting yourself be struck every time anyone gives you anything. What do you say, Uncle Wiggily?"

"I think he ought to do like the wondrous wise man in the Mother Goose story," said the bunny. "Perhaps if he were to jump in a berry bush he might scratch both his eyes in again, and see as well as ever. He has suffered enough. Let him jump into a briar bush."

"I'll do it," cried the blind man, and he did. And instantly he could see as well as ever, and then he could see to work, and he did not have to beg any more, and he hardly ever again thought too much about getting rich, which had caused his first trouble.

But if ever he did think too much about money, he had only to recite this little verse:

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a berry bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
But when he saw his eyes were out,

With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again."

That always made him satisfied.

So if the snowflake doesn't tickle the chim ney and make it squeeze a brick and some black soot into the rice pudding, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Sinbad's carpet.

CHAPTER XV.
UNCLE WIGGILY

AND SINBAD'S CARPET

Well, I think everything is fixed, except that one bare spot in the dining room," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for Uncle Wiggily Longears, as she looked about the hollow stump bunga low one morning.

"What about the bare spot in the dining room?" asked the bunny uncle, curious like.

"It's where I took up the rug to be cleaned," said Nurse Jane, "and the cleaners haven't sent it back. I have no other rug to go in its place, and to-night is the party."

"So it is!" exclaimed the old rabbit gentle man. "We certainly need a rug to cover that bare space. All the animal folk will be out here eating, and they'll not like to see a bare spot. Wait, a moment, I have it!"

"What, the missing rug?" asked Nurse Jane, anxiously.

"No, an idea how to get one. I'll call up Mr. Sinbad, the Sailor, on the telephone, and ask him to lend us a rug until ours comes back from the cleaners. Sinbad will do that for me, as I have done favors for him. He has a lot of

nice Oriental rugs in his palace and he won't miss one. I'll telephone at once."

So Uncle Wiggily called up Sinbad, but, as it happened that Arabian Nights gentleman was out fishing. However his secretary, or hired man, said he would be home in a little while and, then, no doubt, he would send over a rug so Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy could use it on the bare spot in the dining room and have every thing look nice for the party.

"That will be all right," Uncle Wiggily said, and he told Nurse Jane the rug was coming over, which presently it did, being carried by a footman, which means a man who never walks but dresses up in a red suit, and opens the automobile door.

Nurse Jane spread the rug over the bare space in the dining room, and pretty soon the party guests began to come in. Mr. White wash, the polar bear, arrived first and he sat out on the porch until the others came, for he said it was too hot for him in the hollow stump bungalow, as he was used to sitting on cakes of ice and eating icicle sandwiches.

Then Grandfather Goosey Gander came, and Uncle Butter, the goat gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Littletail, the rabbits, Grandpa Whacker, the old beaver gentleman and many others.

And some of the animal boys and girls came to the party, too. There was Sammie and Susie Littletail, the bunnies, Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels with their fath er and mother, Nannie and Billie Wagtail, the goats, and J ollie and J illie Longtail, the mice children.

"Now everybody come out and have some thing to eat," cried Nurse Jane. "We'll start the party that way, and play games afterward."

So out to the dining room they went, and around on the Oriental rug of Sinbad, the Sailor, they sat, though none of them knew the square piece of beautiful carpet was borrowed, for Nurse Jane and Uncle Wiggily didn't tell.

Nurse Jane and some of the animal ladies passed around the good things to eat—sandwiches, cake, ice cream and so on. There were also a few lollypops.

Pretty soon Billie Bushytail saw Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog, eating a piece of chocolate cake.

"Oh, I wish I had that," said Billie in a whis per, and no sooner had he spoken than the cake flew over into his paws.

"Here, what are you taking my cake for?" asked Jackie, surprised like.

"Why, didn't you throw it to me?" inquired Billie.

"No, indeed I didn't!" answered the puppy dog. "You must have grabbed it!"

"No, I didn't," said Jackie, but by that time he had eaten it all up, and Nurse Jane said Jackie could have another piece.

A little later, while Susie Littletail was eat ing some peach ice cream, while Alice Wibble wobble, the duck girl, was eating some whip ped cream flavored with strawberry, Susie sort of whispered:

"Oh, how I wish I could change ice cream

with Alice! I just love strawberry, and I know she loves peach flavor."

No sooner had the little rabbit girl wished this than right through the air flew the two plates of cream. The peach landed in Alice's lap, while the strawberry flavor fell into Susie's.

"Oh, I got just what I wanted," said Susie, clapping her paws.

"So did I," said Alice. "But how strangely it happened."

A little later Billie Wagtail, the goat boy, wished for a second piece of cocoanut cake and before anyone could get up to get it for him, it flew right into his front hoofs from the plate.

"Oh, isn't that nice!" he cried. "It makes me feel just like dancing. I wish we could all dance."

And, no sooner had he said that than every one on the rug, which Sinbad had sent over to loan to Nurse Jane to cover the bare spot on the floor, was hopping up and down as fast as they could hop, some spilling ice cream and others cake.

Faster and faster they jumped until they were all so tired they didn't know what to do. And they couldn't stop dancing, no matter how they tried, until, all of a sudden, in came Sinbad, the Sailor.

"Oh, please stop us dancing, if you can," begged Uncle Wiggily.

"Of course I can, or, rather, you can do it yourselves," said Sinbad. "Just wish to stop and you'll stop."

So Uncle Wiggily wished and he stopped. The others wished likewise and they stopped. Then Sinbad said:

"I came to get back my magic rug. My foot man, Nurse Jane, brought you over the mys terious wishing rug by mistake, instead of the regular kind. I didn't know what might hap pen to you if you sat on it and wished."

"That's right!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Something did happen."

"So that's what made our ice cream and cake change places, and what made us all dance," said Susie. "We wished it on the wishing carpet of Sinbad, and all our wishes came true."

Exactly," said the Sailor, "and now I'll have the footman take back the wishing rug, and bring another to cover up the spot in the dining room floor."

So he did and the party went on as merrily as a game of tag, and everybody had a good time. And if the cow bird doesn't take all the milk from the baker's wagon and pour it in the hand organ, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Aladdin's lamp.

CHAPTER XVI.
UNCLE WIGGILY

AND ALADDIN'S LAMP

Uncle Wiggily, can you see what you are reading?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper of the rabbit gentleman one evening, as they sat together in the parlor of the hollow stump bungalow, each looking at one-half of the evening pa per. Uncle Wiggily was reading how much the lemons from the Orange Mountains in Verona would cost, and Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy was looking for the price of Priscilla prunes.

"Can I see what I am reading?" asked the bunny gentleman, sort of puzzled like. "What do you mean, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy?"

"Well, I don't know whether it is my eyes that are getting weak, or whether it is this lamp," said Nurse Jane, "but I certainly can't see as well as I used to."

"I guess it's the lamp. It isn't quite as bright as it used to be," said the bunny uncle, turning up the wick.

"Then, why don't you get a new one?" asked Miss Fuzzy. "The Wibblewobble family of ducks, next door, has just had electric lights put in, and you should see how bright they have it to read by."

"Hum, yes, electric lights!" said Uncle Wiggily, slowly and thoughtful like. "If I hadn't lost so much money this year because it costs such a lot to print my stories on the white paper, which is very, very much more expensive, I'd have electric lights, too."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I'm sorry I spoke," said Nurse Jane. "The old light will do well enough, I'm sure. I'm too fussy, I guess."

"No, you are not," Uncle Wiggily kindly said. "But I wish I was rich enough to have better lights," and Nurse Jane noticed that he had to squint as he tried to read the paper.

"I guess we're both getting old," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, sort of sighful like.

The next day he was off walking in the woods looking for an adventure, as usual, when he happened to see, sitting on a tree stump, a man in a suit of red, green and yellow. His slippers were curled up at the toes and had golden chains on them.

"Another of those Arabian Nights chaps," said the bunny uncle. "I wonder which one?"

Just then the gaily-dressed man turned around and Uncle Wiggily saw it was Alad din, who owned the Wonderful Lamp.

"Oh, hello, Uncle Wiggily Longears!" joy fully cried Aladdin. "I'm real glad to see you! But what seems to be the matter? You look worried, and unhappy."

"Oh, it is nothing," said the rabbit gentle man, unpretentious like.

"Yes, there is. Tell me!" insisted Aladdin. "I may be able to help you."

"Well, it isn't much," said the bunny. "Nurse Jane wants new lights in the house, and I can't really afford to put them in this year. I'd like them, too, for our old lamp seems to be wearing out or else our eyes are. I really would like new lights."

Uncle Wiggily didn't like to speak about getting old, and of course Aladdin wouldn't mention it for the world.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Aladdin, after a little thought. "I have no end of lamps hanging around my palace. I'll send you one over. It may give a brighter light than yours."

"Oh, that is very good of you," said Uncle Wiggily, "but I fear the trouble—"

"No trouble at all," quickly said Aladdin. "You know the time that the magician tried to get my wonderful and valuable wishing lamp he went about crying, 'New lamps for old!

New lamps for old!' My wife traded off a lot of old lamps for new ones, and, unfor tunately she gave away my wishing one, but I got it back. However, I have a lot of new ones left, so it will give me great pleasure to send you over one and I hope it will give good light for you and Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy."

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily making a bow to Aladdin as they passed on.

A little later a servant brought over a lamp to Nurse Jane Fuzzy, explaining that Alad din had sent it.

The lamp was made of polished brass.

"It's very kind of him," said the muskrat lady housekeeper. "I hope Uncle Wiggily and I will be able to see better to-night."

Then, as she was filling the lamp with oil

she noticed a spot of dirt on it and she rub bed it out and, as she did so she said:

"Oh, I do hope Uncle Wiggily won't get any older for a good many years. I wish he wouldn't for he likes to read so much."

She did not light the lamp yet, for it was too early, but when Uncle Wiggily came in, not having had an adventure that day, he saw the lamp, and said:

"Ah, that must be the lamp Aladdin promised to send over. But it has a spot on. I'll rub it off."

So he rubbed it off, and as he looked out in the kitchen, and saw Nurse Jane busy get ting supper. Then he noticed that she walk ed a bit slowly as if tired, and Uncle Wiggily said:

"Oh, hope she keeps young yet for many years. I wish she wouldn't grow old, for she loves to use her eyes reading."

Then Uncle Wiggily sat down to look at the evening paper before supper, and he light-ed their old lamp, wishing Nurse Jane to have the pleasure of lighting the new one Aladdin had sent over. But, no sooner was the old lamp lighted than Uncle Wiggily, looking at his paper, cried: "Nurse J ane! Nurse Jane! See here! I can read better than ever, and with our old lamp, too. I didn't light Aladdin's."

Nurse Jane picked up a newspaper and held it under the old lamp. She too, could see better than in a long while before.

"I wonder what has happened?" she asked, wonderingly.

Just then in rushed Aladdin himself, much excited. "

"Oh, something wonderful has happened," cried Uncle Wiggily. "We can see better than ever and with the same light we had be fore you sent us one."

"Did you rub my lamp?" asked Aladdin. Uncle Wiggily said he had, and Nurse Jane said the same thing.

"And did you wish?" asked Aladdin.

"I wished Nurse Jane would not grow so old," said Uncle Wiggily, bashful like and shy.

"And I wished he'd stay younger, with bet

ter eyes to read with," said Nurse Jane, diffi dently, which means bashful.

"Bless your hearts!" cried Aladdin. "My servant, by mistake, brought you over my valuable wishing lamp. The wishes you each made have come true, and will last a long time. You will see so well you will need no other lamp than your old one, so I will take back my wonderful wishing one."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you a thousand times!" cried Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane. They lived happily for a long while after ward, and could easily see to read the paper even on cloudy days, and at night by the light of the old lamp, for their eyes had grown younger.

And if the doll's slipper doesn't fall off when she's dancing around the rocking horse and trip up the player piano, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the fairy dress.

CHAPTER XVII.
UNCLE WIGGILY

AND THE FAIRY DRESS

Oh, dear!" exclaimed Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl, as she came into the parlor of the hollow stump bungalow where Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was just finishing his lunch. "Oh, dear! I don't see why I can't have one."

"One what?" asked the bunny gentleman. "Do you mean one of those nice chocolate cookies Nurse Jane just put on the table? If you do, help yourself, Susie."

"No, Uncle Wiggily, I don't want that, thank you," answered Susie.

"Then what is it you wish?" the rabbit gen tleman wanted to know, for he always tried to get what his little animal friends thought they liked.

"I want a new spangled dress," said the lit tle bunny girl. "I want it made of that shim mery stuff you can see through, like the foam on the ocean, and I want it as light and flimsy, as that, and I want it all sparkling with red, green, gold, blue and fire-—like diamonds!"

"Gracious! That's a fairy dress!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, a fairy dress is just what I want," said the little rabbit girl. "Like the one Cin derella wore when she drove off to the Prince's party in the golden pumpkin coach the Bushy-tail squirrel boys threw out of the attic after they had played Hallowe'en with it."

"Oh, you want that kind of a dress, eh?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Well, I guess the only persons who could give it to you would be Sinbad the Sailor, Aladdin with his won derful lamp, or some of those Arabian Night folk."

"Yes, I guess they're the only ones," said Susie, sadly. "And we can't very well ask them."

"No," answered Uncle Wiggily. "They've been doing too much for us already. But why do you want such a fancy fairy dress, Cinderel-la—I mean, Susie Littletail?"

"I want it to wear to a party, of course,"

answered the bunny girl. "That's what pretty dresses are for. You see, Lulu and Alice Wib-blewobble, the duck girls, are giv ing a party next week, and I do so want to wear a new dress when I go."

"Ha! Hum!" said Uncle Wiggily, non-com mittal-like, and then he seemed to be think ing hard for a minute. "I have it," he

finally cried. “I really think I have it Susie, my dear little bunny rabbit girl!”

“What, my fairy party dress?” cried Susie, hopefully.

“No, not exactly,” answered the bunny gentleman. “But I think I know a way to get it!”

“Oh, joy and happiness!” cried Susie. “Now I can go to the party in a new fairy dress.”

“Don’t be too sure,” said the bunny gentleman, cautious-like.

“Oh, if you say a thing it is as good as done,” spoke Susie. “All we animal girls and boys know that.”

“It’s very good of you to say,” said Uncle Wiggily, as he started off through the woods

and over the fields. For Spring was at hand and Summer would soon put a new green dress on all the trees and flowers of the forest.

“Let me see, now,” said Uncle Wiggily, thoughtfully to himself as he came to a shady spot in the woods, where a few trees had just begun to put out their tiny green leaves. “If

this is going to be a fairy dress for Susie I might as well try some fairy business.

"I haven't a wishing and traveling rug-carpet like Sinbad the Sailor, nor have I any wonderful lamp, like Aladdin. Still I will see what will happen when I rub two sticks together. Then I will say 'Osh-Kosh-Ko Oshky!' and maybe something will happen."

Uncle Wiggily rubbed the two sticks together as hard as he could, at the same time saying the "Osh-Kosh" funny word, and, all at once, he saw Mrs. Spin Spider, a big cobweb lady, spinning a large web on the rail fence right in front of him.

"Why, this is queer!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Just as I rub the sticks I see the very thing from which to make Susie's dress.

Spider's web lace is sure the most slimpsy and filmy thing she could wear."

So Uncle Wiggily spoke to Mrs. Spin Spider, asking her if she would spin a thin y web lace dress for Susie the rabbit girl.

"Of course I will," said Mrs. Spin Spider, lollypop-like and jolly. "It shall be ready for her tomorrow."

"But she also wants it sparkling with red and green fire and blue and purple, like dia monds," said Uncle Wiggily.

"In that case she has only to come to me in the evening, just before she goes to the party," said Mrs. Spin Spider, "and the dress will be exactly as she wants it."

Uncle Wiggily shook his head, saying:

"Well, you dressmakers, with your curley cues and thing-a-ma-bobs, certainly are won derful. I'll surely bring Susie here the night of the party."

And he did, and when Susie saw where they, were _going she said:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Have you found a Woodland fairy who will make a dress for me out of cornstalks, as Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, your muskrat housekeeper, made a rheumatism crutch for you?"

"Wait and see," said the bunny gentleman, secret-like.

Then he came to Mrs. Spin Spider's home, and the cobweb animal dressmaker lady had spun the loveliest cobwebby lace gown, all covered with sparkling red, green, golden, purple and fire spangles, so that it looked just like a slice cut out of Fairyland.

"Oh, that is gorgeous!" cried Susie. "How lovely it is! I can not thank you each enough," and she hugged Uncle Wiggily and blew a kiss to the spider lady and away she went to the party, and her dress was one of the prettiest there.

"How did you fasten those sparkling diamond things on Susie's dress?" asked Uncle Wiggily, when the little rabbit girl had gone on to the party.

"Oh, I just waited until some dew drops fell on it," said Mrs. Spin Spider, "and then I caught some lightning bugs and fastened them on the dress, so when their little lan terns were lighted they shone on the drops of dew and made them sparkle like dia monds."

"Ha! That is as good as Aladdin with his Wonderful Lamp could do," cried the bunny uncle, and when afterward he told Susie how he got her dress, by rubbing two sticks to gether (which he did) she believed him and thought it quite wonderful.

And in the next chapter, if the clam doesn't swim out of the chowder to help the oyster in the stew soak the cracker in the gold fish bowl, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the two sticks.

CHAPTER XVIII

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE TWO STICKS

Oh, did you hear about it?" eagerly asked Jennie Chipmunk of Squeakie-Eekie, the lit tle cousin mouse.

"Hear of what?"

"Oh, please tell us!" exclaimed Alice Wib blewobble, the duck girl. The three little an imal friends were standing near the edge of the duck pond, and Alice was waiting for her sister Lulu to come along when they would both go swimming.

"Are you sure you didn't hear about it?" asked Jennie.

"No! What was it?" Squeakie-Eekie wanted to know.

"Why, Susie Littletail had to have a new lace dress covered with diamonds, to go to the Wibblewobble duck party, but she had none," said the little chipmunk girl. "She told Uncle Wiggily about it and he rubbed two sticks together, and then he saw Mrs. Spin Spider and she wove Susie a new dress with dewdrops on for diamonds and fireflies to light them up. Oh! it was lovely!"

"I don't see what the two sticks had to do with it," said Alice, funny-like. "Uncle Wiggily would have seen Mrs. Spin Spider any how, without the sticks, and she could have made the dress, and all the rest of it, even if there was no magic.

"Well, I don't know any more about it than you do," said Jennie. "Only it happened, I'm sure of that." .

"Let us try it," said Alice, after some more talk. "We can rub two sticks together just as Uncle Wiggily did, and maybe if we do something will happen."

So the animal girls each found two sticks and began rubbing them together as hard as they could. But nothing at all in the fairy way happened.

To be sure, Alice Wibblewobble rubbed her two sticks together so hard that she made a blister on her left foot, which was not at all nice.

Jennie Chipmunk broke one of her sticks by pressing down too hard on them, and got a splinter in her paw. As for Squeaky-Eeky, she lost one of her sticks and the other fie.W. off in the bushes and could not be found. "Quack!" cried Alice. "I don't think

much of this. Nothing at all fairy-like happened."

"Maybe we didn't use the right kind of sticks," said Jennie, thoughtful-like.

"Perhaps we didn't say the right kind of magical words," spoke Squeaky-Eekie. "Un cle Wiggily knows lots of funny magical words to say, and maybe he said them."

"Let's try again," said Alice the duck girl, and they did, saying all the magical words they knew, such as Ashtabula, Orinoco, Fan Tods, Fiddlesticks and Killi-lu-lu.

But even then nothing happened, and the animal girls were just going to give up, and play tea party with their dolls, when through the woods came hopping Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman himself.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" cried Jennie. "We've tried every way we know to make magic out of two sticks as you did, but we can't do it!"

"Maybe you don't just do it right," said the bunny gentleman, twinkling his pink nose.

"Now I have two sticks here. They are just any common two that I could pick up

around any new house which was being built. I'll do some magic with them, if you like."

"Oh, yes, Uncle Wiggily! We would like it; please do!" begged the animal girls. So the bunny uncle asked them to get him some pieces of string and paper.

"With these, and the two sticks, I will do a wonderful trick," said the bunny uncle.

"What will you do?" asked Alice, who al ways liked to know ahead of time what was coming.

"Oh, I think I'll do the trick of making one of you little girls rise up in the air like a sky rocket, only not so far," said the rabbit gen tleman, flopping his ears.

"You can't do it—not with those sticks," said Jennie Chipmunk. "You can never do it! Impossible!"

"Oh, well, maybe he can," said Squeaky Eekie. "Uncle Wiggily is wonderful when he wants to be."

"Well, he is not wonderful enough for that," spoke Jennie.

"Just you watch," said the bunny uncle, sort of twinkling his pink nose like a sun flower just before it goes to bed.

With some of the strings Uncle Wiggily tied the two sticks together like a cross. Then he put more string around on the outside ends of the strings.

"Oh, I know what he's going to make!" cried Alice, flopping her wings.

"Hush! Don't tell. It's a trick," said Un cle Wiggily. "And it is truly just as magical as any in the Arabian Nights. Now, Squeaky Eekie, cousin mouse, you are the littlest, so I'll have the two magical sticks carry you up in the air like a balloon.

"And you needn't be afraid! You won't fall! Excuse me for a few moments, ladies and gentlemen," and Uncle Wiggily bowed like a magician on the stage when he is go ing to make two pigeons come out of a bottle and turn into a fried egg.

The rabbit gentleman went oif in the woods a little way with the two sticks, and pretty soon he came back with the end of a long string, which he tied to a basket made of birch bark, and then put the little mouse girl in it.

"Now we are all ready! Don't be afraid! Hold tight! Away you go, Squeaky-Eekie! Come, Magical Sticks, take the little mouse girl up in the air!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

And would you believe me, and kindly I hope you do, that little mouse girl, without anything but the basket and string showing over the tops of the bushes, sailed straight up in the air. High, higher, highest she went.

“Oh, it is wonderful!” cried Jennie Chip munk. “How did you do it, Uncle Wiggily? However did you do it?”

Uncle Wiggily led Jennie and the others out to an open place in the woods, as now the little mouse girl was being lifted gently only a little way from the ground by the strange string and bark basket.

And then the three little animal girls saw sailing up in the air a kite, and to the tail of the kite was fastened one end of the string, while the other end was fast to the birch-bark cradle basket in which rested the mouse girl. And the longer string, which kept the kite

from blowing away, was fastened to a stump so Uncle Wiggily could safely leave it.

“Oh, I see how you did it!” cried Jennie. “With the two sticks, some paper and string you made a kite, and a kite is quite as won derful as a cobweb dress with diamond dew drops on it. For the kite, like an airship, lifted our little cousin mouse up in the air.”

"Exactly," said Uncle Wiggily. "And it shows you, after all, that magic is easier to do than we think."

Then he gave the other animal girls a ride in the kite airship, and if the huckleberry pudding doesn't go visiting with the pencil sharpener, and cut ofi the upper crust of the strawberry shortcake, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Ice Maiden.

LANG CAMPBELL
Uncle Wiggily rubbed the two sticks together.

CHAPTER XIX.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE ICE MAIDEN

Now, if I were you, Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, to the bunny gentleman, one day, as he was about to start away from his hollow stump bungalow, "I would not try any tricks."

"Tricks? What do you mean?" asked l\Ir. Longears.

"Oh, Arabian Nights tricks, such as riding on the magic carpet of Sinbad the Sailor, or rubbing Aladdin's wonderful lamp and hav ing your wish come true," answered Nurse J ane.

"Why wouldn't you do it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, teasing like.

"Because I notice," said the muskrat lady, "that every time you do one of those queer tricks, or even a favor for one of the Arabian Nights folks, your rheumatism gets worse."

"Oh, that's just imagination!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Anyhow, I'm going out today, andI hope a nice adventure happens to me. And I'll take with me my nice red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, that you so kind ly gnawed for me out of a cornstalk. Then if any magic happens I shall be all right."

"Well, good-bye!" called Nurse Jane. "But please be careful," and promising that he would, away hopped Uncle Wiggily. He had not gone very far when he heard a voice say mg:

"Oh, dear! I don't know what to do! I can't find him anywhere, and unless I do find him soon all these pretty things will spoil!"

"Ha! That sounds like trouble," said Un cle Wiggily. "Here's where I come in, rheu matism or not." Then he stepped out from behind an old stump, and he saw, sitting on another stump, not far away, a beautiful maiden. She was dressed in white furs from the top of her head to the pink toes of her lit tle feet, which had on fur boots. Snowflakes were in her hair, and the fringe on her cloak was made of icicles.

"Oh dear!" cried the maiden, "how sad it all is!"

"What is sad?" asked Uncle Wiggily, the bunny gentleman. "I seem to think every thing is all right, and I am happy, for Spring will soon be here."

"That is just the trouble," said the maid in white. "It is getting so warm that the snow flakes in my hair are melting, and so is my icicle fringe, while as for the things in my basket—!"

"Excuse me," interrupted Uncle Wiggily, with a polite bow, "but who are you, pray tell, and what have you in your basket?"

"I am the Ice Maiden," was the answer, "and in my basket were some beautiful ice cakes and snow pudding that Old Boreas, the North Wind, made for his friend Jack Frost. Boreas gave them to me, to take to Jack, but I must have blown too far South, for alas! my snowflakes are melting, as are also my icicles, and all the good things in my basket are melting, too! Oh, dear! What shall I do? It is so warm that I, myself, feel like melting."

"Oh, I would not like to see that," said Uncle Wiggily, quickly.

"Neither would I," added the Ice Maiden. "For when I get too far South I change into a puddle of water, and when I am that I am not at all nice to look at—I'm not pretty at all

like a woodland spring. Water makes my hair uncurl."

"That is too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "I must see how I can help you. But, tell me, how did you happen to get so far South where it is getting warm, so that everything of ice and snow melts; how did it happen?"

"I guess Old Boreas, the North Wind, must have blown on me too hard," said the Ice Maiden. "He was so anxious for Jack Frost to have the frozen pudding, and other things. I guess Boreas did not stop to see where he was blowing me. Oh, dear! I am so warm! I'm melting to pieces! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Ha! I have it!" cried Uncle Wiggily, mak ing his pink nose twinkle very fast, to show how friendly he was to the Ice Maiden. "I have it!"

"What do you mean?" cried the Ice Maiden. "Do you mean you have Jack Frost? Good! If you have I can give him what is left of the

frozen pudding and other good things, and go back to the North Pole where I live."

"N o I haven't Jack Frost," said Uncle Wiggily. "I am sorry about that. But I know how to keep you, and the good things you have

from melting until you can give them to Jack Frost. I can take you to a fine place."

"Where will you take me?" asked the Ice Maiden.

"To the cave of Mr. Whitewash, the bear," answered the bunny uncle.

"Oh, but I am afraid of bears!" whispered the Ice Maiden, shivery-like, "and, besides, it will be so warm in a cave that I will melt fast er than out of doors."

"Not in this cave!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "It is filled almost solid with cakes of ice, and you can't even imagine how cold it is! Mr. Whitewash likes it specially extra cold."

"Oh, then he must be a Polar bear!" joy fully cried the Ice Maiden.

"He is," said Uncle Wiggily. Then, quick ly, he led the fast melting Ice Maiden to the Polar bear's cave, and it turned out that Mr. Whitewash had known the little frosty maid when she used to go to school to him at the North Pole. So they had a good time in the bear's cave, which just suited the Ice Maiden because it was so cold and she and Mr. Whitewash played Jack Frost checkers with frozen snowballs.

"But how will I get these things to Jack Frost?" asked the Ice Maiden, after the game. She had stopped melting and was beautiful again.

"I'll give a big howl, and call Old Boreas, the North Wind," said the Polar Bear, "and he can blow you back again the way you came, up toward the North Pole. There you will find Jack Frost."

So Mr. Whitewash howled, Old Boreas, the North Wind, answered, and soon the Ice Maiden, after thanking Uncle Wiggily, was on her way to Jack Frost with the ice cake and the frozen pudding. And the farther North she went the harder they froze until, when she reached Mr. Jack Frost they were frozen solid, just the way he liked them. And all that happened to the Ice Maiden, be cause she went too far South, was that one of her eyebrows accidentally melted, but that soon grew in again, and she was more beauti ful than before, with her red cheeks glowing and her snowflake hair.

So everything came out all right, and in the next chapter, if the carpenter man doesn't make a hole in our floor so the dining room table slips down into the coal bin, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the Match Boy.

CHAPTER XX.
UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE MATCH BOY

How are you feeling this morning, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper of the bunny uncle one day as he limped down to break fast in the hollow stump bungalow. "How are you feeling?"

"Not so very well, to tell you the truth," was his answer. "I feel quite a little pain from my rheumatism, thank you."

"Oh, don't thank me!" said Nurse Jane with a sort of sniff, which was not like her. "Thank that—that Ice Maiden for your pains!"

"She had nothing to do with it," said the bunny uncle in surprise. "Nothing at all! The idea!"

"Oh, didn't she?" sniffed Nurse Jane again. "I thought you told me you helped her on her way back North again with the frozen pies and cakes. That's how you got your rheuma.tism, stopping in the Polar bear's cave with her."

"Nothing of the sort!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "It was frosty in the cave of Mr. White wash, the polar bear, to be sure, and that's how I got cold. But the Ice Maiden had noth ing to do with it. Anyhow I've often had my rheumatism bad before, when I've been to see Mr. Whitewash. It doesn't matter. The sun is shining to-day, so I'll go out and soon feel bet-ter."

"And don't get mixed up with any more of those Arabian Nights folk," said Nurse Jane, "if you do you'll be worse off, mind what I'm telling you."

Uncle Wiggily promised to be careful, so, after breakfast, he hopped across the fields and through the woods on his rheumatism crutch, looking for an adventure. But he did not have any, and it was coming on night, and getting cold, even though it was toward Spring, when, as the bunny uncle passed an old hollow tree, he suddenly saw a light in side it.

"Ha! It is a little too early for firefly-lightning-bugs to be playing tag in hollow trees, I think," said Mr. Longears. "I wonder what it can be? I must take a look."

Hopping over to the tree, which was partly open on one side, the bunny looked

through a crack, and inside the hollow he saw a little boy kneeling down.

And, as Uncle Wiggily looked, the little boy took a match from a box beside him, and tried to light it. But his fingers shivered so, and shook with the cold, that the match would not light.

"Hello!" called Uncle Wiggily in his jolly voice. "Who are you and what is the trouble? Perhaps I can help you."

"I am a little match boy," was the answer, "and I am trying to warm myself by lighting the matches I can not sell. Oh dear! I am lost! I'm hungry! I don't know where my home is, and I'm so cold!"

Again he shivered and tried to light a match, but his fingers shook so with the chill that he could not do it.

"Let me light it for you," said the kind bunny uncle, and he did, and over the blazing match the little boy warmed his hands, and Uncle Wiggily warmed his paws, for he, too, was cold.

"Oh, how I wish I was home!" cried the lit tle match boy. "Nothing has happened to me such as happened to the little match girl in the book."

"Was she in the Arabian Nights book?" asked Uncle Wiggily, curious like.

"Well, she was in a red-covered book," said the little match boy, slowly.

"That's the Arabian Nights," the bunny uncle said, "though I never read her story. Tell me about it."

So the shivering little boy told how once there was a poor little match girl, who, one bitter, cold snowy night went out in the streets of a big city to sell matches. But it was so cold, and snowed so much, that no one bought any, and to keep from freezing she lighted her own matches, one after another.

"And every time she lighted a match," said the little boy in the hollow tree, "the walls of the building against which she rest ed would melt away, and she could see all the beautiful things inside—roast turkey and gravy and baked apples and pudding and Christmas trees. Then, when the match went out she would have to light another to warm her fingers, and again she saw beautiful pictures."

"And what happened next?" asked Uncle Wiggily as the little boy stopped speaking.

"Well, at last she lighted all her matches, and still she was cold, and in the morning they

found her under the snow, almost frozen, but they took her to a hospital and she got well.

"I wanted to see the pretty pictures as did the little match girl," said the boy, "so I bought some matches to light when I grew cold in the hollow tree. But oh, how I shiver! I am so cold!"

"I think you had better let me take you home, where you will be warm in bed instead of trying to keep from freezing by lighting matches," said Uncle Wiggily. "That is dan gerous. You might get on fire."

So the bunny helped the little boy out of the hollow tree, and then he wrapped his fur overcoat around the small chap and away they started, for the rabbit uncle knew where the little boy lived.

And on the way home it was so cold that the little boy and Uncle Wiggily were almost frozen, and only that the bunny gentleman lighted a fire of sticks in the woods they might have become stiff as Jack Frost.

But finally the little boy safely reached his home, and his father and mother thanked Uncle Wiggily over and over again for tak ing care of him, and keeping him warm.

And the make-believe little match boy's father gave Uncle Wiggily some hot carrot

soup to keep his paws warm on the way home to the bungalow, for all the matches were burned, and the little boy promised never to light any more.

"Well, I had a nice adventure, after all," said the rabbit gentleman, to Nurse Jane, and if the boiled egg doesn't jump out of the frying pan into the fire and scare the coffee strainer, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Rip Van Winkle.

CHAPTER XXI.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND RIP VAN WINKLE

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gen tleman, was hopping along through the woods near his hollow stump bungalow one Spring day, wondering if he would have an adventure, when, all of a sudden, he heard a sad groaning noise off in the bushes—a noise as if someone were in pain.

"My goodness!" cried the bunny uncle. "That sounds like trouble all right, and I hope I'm just in time to help!"

Uncle Wiggily hopped on a few steps far ther and there, beside a great big rock, all covered with gray moss lay an old man. His beard seemed to reach down to his feet, his clothes were all ragged and almost falling ofl him, his hair was a yard long, and beside him lay an old gun, so rusty that it looked only like scrap iron, and bits of rotten wood.

"Why he must be one of the men out of the Arabian Nights book," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. Then, aloud, he called:

"Ho, there! Who are you, and what can I do for you? You seem to be in trouble, and I like to help all such persons."

"Oh, dear! Oh! Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the old man slowly, and in a faint and quavering voice. "Oh, what pain Ihave! It's the rheumatism, I guess. Ouch! Ouch! Bizz!"

"Ha! I know what that is," said Uncle Wiggily. "I have it myself. But I'll lend you my crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, gnawed for me out of a cornstalk. That al ways helps me." .

"Thank you," said the old man. "But do you think it will help rheumatism that has been coming on from twenty years' sleeping in these woods?"

"What? Sleeping out doors here in the woods for twenty years?" cried the bunny uncle. "Have you been doing that?"

"I guess you don't know about me," said the old man, a little bit proud like, but not much. "I am not in the Arabian Nights book as you seem to think, but in one almost like it. My name is Rip Van Winkle."

"Oh, I remember reading about you," cried Uncle Wiggily. "You and your wife couldn't agree, so you went away."

"That's right," said Rip Van Winkle, speaking sort of like a German. "It was easier to come away than have hard words. So I put my gun on my shoulder, called my old dog Schneider, and off I went up into the woods on the mountains.

"On my way I met a lot of little men—men who roll bowling balls about on the rocks in the mountain to make the thunder. Then the little men must have cast a magic fairy spell over me, for I fell asleep and just now I woke up. It was twenty years ago that I went to sleep. I've been sleeping here ever since."

"How do you know that?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Because it tells that about me in my book," said the old man. "Besides, look at my whiskers. They never could have grown down to my feet in less than twenty years. And look at my gun! See how that has rot ted away until it is of no more use than a rusty flat-iron. And my long hair! And my dog—my good dog Schneider? Where is he?"

He looked all around through the woods, Rip Van Winkle did, and he whistled, and called:

"Here, Schneider! Schneider! Where are you? Come to me, old dog! Come to your master who has slept twenty years in the woods and caught the rheumatism." But no Schneider came.

"Alas! Alas!" said the old man. ,"What shall I do?"

"Do?" cried Uncle Wiggily, "why go back to your home, of course. Your wife will be glad to see you, and you'll be happy again."

"Ah, but I can not go back," said the old man, slowly shaking his head. "Full twenty years have passed. My wife would not know me in these ragged clothes—this long white beard. She would not know my old rusty gun, and without my dog Schneider—" he shook his head-—"it can not be done."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Uncle Wiggily in his jolly voice, "that's all bosh, you know. Of course it can be done!"

"But the book says when I awoke from my long sleep no one remembered me, not even my wife or children. They made fun of me and drove me back to the mountains again," spoke Rip.

"Well, then we'll change the book," said Uncle Wiggily, happily. "Now all you need is a shave and a hair cut. We'll go to 'Bar ber-barber shave a pig, how many hairs will make a wig. Four and twenty, that's enough, give the barber a pinch of snuff!' Not that you're a pig though," said Uncle Wiggily, laughing.

"Yes, but my old clothes, my old gun! No dog Schneider! How can I go without them?" asked Mr. Van Winkle.

"I'll fix everything Rip Van Winkle," said jolly Uncle Wiggily. "Come and get your hair cut and your whiskers trimmed. That will take a long while. We'll begin on them first."

So Rip Van Winkle went with Uncle Wiggily. He could walk pretty well, the old gen tleman could by leaning on the bunny uncle's rheumatism crutch, and soon the pig-barber had hair-cutted and shaved him.

Then Uncle Wiggily got Rip as I call him for short, some new clothes from Sinbad the Sailor, who gladly gave one of his extra suits. "There now!" cried Uncle Wiggily, even more jolly like. "You look fine enough to go back to any wife," and indeed you would hardly have known Rip Van Winkle if you had seen him. He was like himself again.

"But what about my gun?" asked the old gentleman who looked ten years younger with his long hair trimmed and his beard shaved.

"I'll fix that!" said the bunny uncle.

Then the bunny uncle asked Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrel, to lend Rip Van Winkle a cork-shooting pop gun, which Johnnie very gladly did.

"And as for a dog," said Uncle Wiggily, "Jackie Bow-Wow, my little puppy friend, will be glad to take the place of your Schneider, who probably wandered far off in the woods when you went to sleep for so long atime."

So the new Rip Van Winkle went home with his hair and beard nicely trimmed, the

new pop gun Johnnie loaned him, over his shoulder and the Bow-Wow puppy dog boy trotting along behind. And Mrs. Van Winkle as soon as she saw her long lost husband kissed him and cried: _

"Well, Rip! Oh, how fine you look! Now you must never go away again." And he never did.

So Uncle Wiggily made two people happy, which is a big thing to do in this world, and if the nut-cracker doesn't break the piano's leg when playing tag with it around the par lor

rug, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Henny-Penny.

CHAPTER XXII.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND HENNY-PENNY

Once upon a time, when Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was hop ping through the woods, looking for an ad venture, he heard a loud clucking noise in the bushes near him.

"Ha! That must be Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, the hen lady," thought the bunny. "She has laid an egg, I suppose. I must wish her many happy returns of the day."

But instead of Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, there came from behind the bushes another hen lady, who at once began to cackle and cry:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I went into the woods and a piece of the sky fell on my head, and now I am surely going to die! Oh dear!"

"Tut! Tut!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, in as jolly a voice as he could use, considering

such sad words. "Tut! Tut! Nothing is so bad but what it might be worse. Who speaks of pieces of sky falling, and of going to die?""I do," answered the chicken lady. "My name is Mrs. Henny-Penny, and you may have read of me in a book."

"Perhaps I did," said Uncle Wiggily. "Are you in the Arabian Nights?"

"Well, in a book something like that. But let me tell you what happened. I went in the woods just now, to see if there was any sweet grass to eat, when, all of a sudden, a piece of the sky fell on my head."

"How do you know it was a piece of the sky?" asked Uncle Wiggily, crafty like and inquisitive.

"Didn't I feel a terrible bump?" asked Henny-Penny. "I know it was the sky."

Uncle Wiggily squinted up at the sky through his glasses. He twinkled his pink -nose in the most jolly fashion, to make Henny Penny feel more happy like. Then he said:

"I don't see any hole in the sky, where the piece fell out that hit you."

"Well, it fell all right," said Henny-Penny, scratching her head.

"What fell?" asked another voice, around a stump corner.

Turning sideways Uncle Wiggily and Henny Penny saw Ducky-Lucky waddling along.

"Oh, Ducky-Lucky!" exclaimed Henny Penny, seeing her friend, who came out of the same book as she did. "Such a terrible thing as has happened to me, you can never guess!"

"What?" asked Ducky-Lucky, opening wide her yellow bill.

"Why, I went into the woods just now, to get some sweet grass, and a piece of the sky fell on my head and I am going to die!" said Henny-Penny .

"Oh dear," quacked Ducky-Lucky, "that is terrible!"

"Fiddlesticks and ice cream lollypops!" cried Uncle Wiggily, making his pink nose twinkle so hard that it almost wobbled oif. "Nothing like that is going to happen at all!"

"What happened?" asked another voice, and along came Goosie-Loosie. "What hap pened?" she asked. "Tell me, I am very anxious to know."

"Oh, a terrible thing," said Henny-Penny.

I went in the woods to get a bit of sweet grass just now, and a piece of the sky fell on my head and I am going to die! Boo-hoo!"

"Oh, that is too bad!" cried Goosie-Loosie. "I would not have that happen for the world! Let me see your poor head where the sky hit it."

Henny-Penny turned her head to one side, and, surely enough, the feathers were all ruffled up. Goosie-Loosie looked up toward the clouds.

"Yes," she said, "I can see a hole where a piece of the sky has fallen out."

"Oh, what nonsense these silly creatures believe!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "What can I do to make them sensible?"

"Oh dear!" sighed Henny-Penny. "I don't want to die!"

"I should say not! Nobody would!" cried a new voice, and there stood Chicken-Licken. "What's all the trouble about?" she asked, having just come from the store.

All the others looked at Henny-Penny. "You tell," they said. So Mrs. Henny Penny told:

"I went into the woods just now, to get

Jane Campbell
"Oh, dear!" quacked Ducky Lucky.

some sweet grass, and, all of a sudden, a piece of the sky fell on my head, and I will surely die. Boo-hoo!" "

"Ha! That is too bad!" cried Chicken Licken. "I must see about this," and before the others could stop her into the woods she rushed. It was not long before she came rushing back again.

"Oh dear!" she cried. "Oh dear! The same thing happened to me. A piece of the sky fell on my head and I shall surely die!" Then she began to cry and sigh and so did the others, while Uncle Wiggily's pink nose twinkled like a cake of scented soap, he was so excited.

"This is all nonsense!" exclaimed the bunny rabbit. "I must see what this means. Show me, Henny-Penny, and you, too, Chicken-Licken, just where you stood when you thought the piece of the sky fell on you."

"It was right under that big tree," said Henny-Penny pointing with her claw. "Oh dear! My poor head!"

Quickly Uncle Wiggily hopped over and under the tree. Just as he reached there something fell—"Ker-bunko-thump-o!" on his head.

"Ha! There is something here after all!" cried the bunny gentleman, and he looked on

the ground, and there he saw—only an acorn. It was that which had fallen off the tree and hit him.

Uncle Wiggily looked up into the oak tree and another acorn fell, but this one did not hit him. Then he saw Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, hopping about in the tree.

"Was it you who threw the acorns?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, but I did not mean to," answered Billie. "I am building a nest in this tree, and the acorns fell by accident. I think one hit Henny-Penny and another struck Chicken Licken, but I did not mean to hurt them.
They ran away so quickly I could not tell them what had happened."

"Ha, then it was only an acorn and not a piece of the sky at all!" laughed Uncle Wiggily as he twinkled his pink nose like a sassafras lollypop.

"Ho! Ho! To think they should be fright ened at acorns!"

He ran back _ and told Henny-Penny, Ducky-Lucky, Goosie-Loosie and Chicken Licken what had happened and they were all ashamed of being so sillily frightened.

But this only shows you that a little thing sometimes makes great trouble, and if the trolley car doesn't stop ringing the bell be fore it's time for dinner so the conductor can eat up all the lollypop jam tarts, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Moon Man.

CHAPTER XXIII.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE MOON-MAN

"What!" cried Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she saw Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentle man take his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch down off the piano, and put on his tall silk hat. "You are not going out now, are you?"

"Why not?" the bunny uncle wanted to know.

"Why, because it's coming on dark night."

"That makes no matter of difference to me," said Uncle Wiggily with a laugh. "No matter of difference to me at all! I can have adventures at night as well as by day.

"Besides," he went on, "you forget that when I was over in the Arabian Nights city of

Bagdad I went out after dark with the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and we had many adventures there."

"Well, I suppose if you are going out, nothing will stop you, ' sighed the muskrat lady housekeeper. "Still I hope nothing hap pens to you."

"I hope an adventure happens," said Uncle Wiggily, laughing as he hopped off in the darkness, over the fields and through the woods.

He had not gone very far before he saw, by the light of the stars, a funny little man sit ting on a log in the woods.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little man, who had on a tall, peaked hat. "It's of no use! I'm lost and that's all there is to it, oh dear!"

"Oh, don't be so sad!" laughed Uncle Wiggily in his jolly voice. "If you're lost perhaps I can set you on your way again. What else is the matter, and who are you? Are you from the Arabian Nights?" asked Uncle Wiggily, for the little man did look some thing like the curious chaps with whom the bunny uncle had had many happy and strange adventures.

"You might call me a part of the Arabian Nights," answered the odd little fellow. "I am the man in the moon!"

"The man in the moon?" cried Uncle Wiggily in surprise. "Why I thought you came tumbling down to inquire the way to Norwich?"

"I did, once," said the little man. "But that was in the Mother Goose book. The man from the South burned his mouth eating cold bean porridge, you remember."

"Yes, I remember," said the bunny, "but what are you doing down on earth again?"

"Hush!" exclaimed the Moon Man. "It's a great secret! I came down to look at a mov ing picture show! You see I'm so busy keep ing the moonlight lamps lighted that I never get time to go to a show. To-night I made up my mind I'd take a few hours off."

"But what about the light of the moon?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "If that goes out—?"

"It's cloudy in the place where I am sup posed to be shining now," said the little man, "and no one knows whether I am keeping the moon glowing or not. So I just slid down on one of my own moon-beams, no one seeing me because of the clouds, and since then I have walked on and on, trying to find a mov.ing picture show. But I became lost in the woods, and now I don't know what I'm going

to do!" and the Moon-Man seemed very sad indeed. "Oh, dear!" he sighed.

"Don't worry about that," said Uncle Wiggily. "I know where there is a moving pic ture show to which I can take you."

"Do you indeed?" joyfully cried the Moon Man. "Then please do. But what about me being lost? I've got to get back to the moon to light the lamp soon, or the clouds may blow away and folks, not seeing the moon shining when it ought to be, will think some thing is the matter."

"Oh, we'll think about getting you back to the moon after you have seen a moving pic ture show," said the bunny uncle, comfort able like. Then, knowing where there was a place where nice movies were shown for the animal folk, the bunny took the Moon-Man there.

It was quite dark when they reached the moving picture show, for a picture was even then flickering on the screen. But Uncle Wiggily had a little electric flash light in his pocket, and he flashed that inside the theatre until he found a seat for himself and the Moon-Man.

"Oh, this is great!" cried the Moon-Man, as eagerly he watched the picture, which was a funny one about Jimmie Wibblewobble, the

boy duck, chasing Billie Wagtail, the goat boy, around a tomato can in a game of tag.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Moon-Man, and Uncle Wiggily liked the picture too. All the animal children were there—from Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, to J acko and Jumpo Kinkytail the funny monkey boys. They all laughed at the funny pictures.

"Oh, this is a fine show!" said the Moon Man to Uncle Wiggily, when it was all over. "Thank you so much for bringing me."

"Pray do not mention it," politely said the bunny uncle. "It was a pleasure to me, for I have had a night adventure so I can tell Nurse Jane, my muskrat lady housekeeper, about it."

"But what about me getting back to the moon to light the lantern in it?" asked the funny little man. It's about time, I think."

"Wait until I introduce you to my little animal friends," said the bunny uncle. "May be they can think of a way of getting you back to the moon, if I can't."

Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels, and Jollie and Jillie Longtail, the mice, and all the other animal children were glad to meet the Moon-Man.

They were glad he liked the movies, and when Uncle Wiggily cried:

"Who knows the best way for the Moon Man to get back to his moon?" Sammie Littletail, the rabbit, answered:

"I have an old, last year's skyrocket—a big one. We can shoot that off now, even if it isn't the Fourth of July, and if the Moon Man hangs to the tail of the rocket he will be taken to the moon-sky in a jiffy."

"Fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily. So the Moon-Man held to the skyrocket, Sammie touched a match to it and "Whizz!" away went the Moon-Man, and he got to the moon just in time to light it up where it ought to shine, for the clouds had been blown away.

So the bunny uncle had his adventure after

all, and if the hammer and nail don't go driving through the park in a wheelbarrow and feed the Polar bear ice cream, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Gold Spinner.

CHAPTER XXIV.
UNCLE WIGGILY AND GOLD SPINNER

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods one day, wondering whether or not he would have an Arabian Nights adventure, as he had had the evening before with the Moon Man, when, all of a sudden, he came to a little stone castle standing under a tree in the for est.

"Hello!" exclaimed the bunny gentleman to himself, twinkling his pink nose. "This is something new."

And indeed it was, for he had passed that way only two days ago, and there was no such castle there then.

Uncle Wiggily looked all about him, under trees and behind bushes, but he could see no one, and he began to think.

"Maybe this is one of those castles which Aladdin used to wish for, just by rubbing his wonderful lamp," said the bunny rabbit to

himself. “I had better not go inside or I might fly away, and vanish, when the castle does, for that’s what happens to all Aladdin’s things.”

So Uncle Wiggily walked forward very slowly and carefully just as he had taught Sammie and Susie Littletail, the little rabbit boy and girl, to do when they were looking for traps, and then, all of a sudden, he heard coming from an open window of the castle a sad voice saying:

“Oh dear! It is of no use. I never can do it!”

“Do it? Do what?” asked Uncle Wiggily before he thought. “Excuse me,” he went on, “but I am Uncle Wiggily Longears, and per haps I can help you. What is it you can’t do?”

“I can’t spin any more gold out of this straw,” was the sad answer, and he was so surprised, Uncle Wiggily was, that he walked right inside the castle, never stopping to think it might be an Arabian Nights one, and could suddenly vanish, taking him with it.

“Who are you, if you please, and what in the world are you talking about?” asked the rabbit gentleman, as he stood still and looked about. “Spin gold out of straw? I know Mrs. Spin-Spider, the spider lady, can make a silk

dress out of cobwebs, but as for spinning gold out of straw—" ,

"Just come in, and I'll tell you all about it!" interrupted a little voice, and then Uncle Wiggily opened a door in front of him and saw in the parlor of the castle a little girl.

"Well, I guess I shan't be afraid of her," said the bunny uncle to himself—"a nice, pretty little girl like that can't hurt me. She looks like Little Miss Muffit, who sat on a tuf fet, eating a lollypop cone."

"Come in," invited the little girl again, and then Uncle Wiggily saw that she was sitting in front of a spinning wheel, with a whole lot of yellow straw around her, and her face looked sad.

"What is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily kindly, "and may I have the pleasure of helping you?"

"I don't believe you can, thank you just the same," answered the little girl, "but I'll tell

you what is the matter. You see I am a princess, and. . ."

"Oh, Princess, excuse me, I forgot to make a bow," and Uncle Wiggily made a very low polite and stylish one.

"That's all right," said the little girl. "You see I am a princess, but I am not in my father's castle. I was caught and taken away from home by the king who lives next door to my father, who is another king, and the king who caught me says I must spin all this straw into gold before he will let me go. And I can't go until I do, because you see this castle is enchanted—that means it's fairy like or magical. So I'll have to stay forever, I'm afraid."

"But can you spin straw into gold?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, yes," answered the little princess. "If you remember the story in the book, I can easily do it. Or, rather, I could. But after I had spun most of the yellow straw into gold, and the bad king had taken it away, my spin ning wheel suddenly broke and it .will no longer spin the gold. So I can't do anything."

"That's too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "And you really did spin some gold from this straw?"

"Before my magical spinning wheel broke I did," said the little princess. "See, here is one of the last pieces of gold which the bad king must have forgotten," and she picked up a $5 piece. "Oh, dear, I don't know what to do.

Now I shall never see my own dear castle and my dear daddy again," and she cried just a little.

"Oh, yes you will," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll see that you get back to daddy again. For I built an airship, and I can run that, and also mend my automobile, with the bologna sausage tires, whenever that gets out of or der. So I think I can mend your spinning wheel."

"Please try," begged the little princess.

Uncle Wiggily tried, seeing where a piece of wire was broken in the wheel. But when he had fixed that part and the little girl tried to run it, and spin the yellow straw into gold, only pennies came out of the wheel.

"That will never do," said the little girl. "Pennies are copper, and I must spin gold."

"I'll fix it some more," said Uncle Wiggily, and he did, but this time the wheel only spun five cent pieces out of the straw.

"They will never do, either," said the little girl princess. "Five cent pieces are nickel, and I must spin gold."

Then Uncle Wiggily tried again, and this time silver ten cent pieces came dropping out of the wheel as the little princess spun the straw into it.

"Silver will not do," she said sadly. "Never at all!"

"Ha! Then I know what to do!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I will go borrow the spin nig wheel belonging to Mother Goose."

"What good will that do?" asked the little girl.

"You shall soon see," answered Uncle Wiggily

Quickly he hurried away, and soon he came back with Mother Goose's spinning wheel. And of course it turned magical as soon as it was brought into the magic castle. So that as fast as the little princess put the straw through the wheel and turned it, the yellow straw changed into gold pieces.

Then the bad king came and got them, and all at once he turned good and was sorry and he let the little princess go home to her own father, who thanked Uncle Wiggily very much. So did the princess whose name, ever after that was "Gold-Spinner."

And if our kitten doesn't get all tangled up in the molasses and think she's a lollypop on a sleigh-ride picnic, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the fisherman's wife.

CHAPTER XXV.
UNCLE WIGGILY
AND THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentle man, heard some one saying this as he was walking through the wood one day, going to ward a lake where the bunny uncle had promised to meet Grandfather Goosey Gan der and play a game of corn-meal checkers with him.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? What shall I do?" sounded the voice again, and, looking around the corner of a stump Uncle Wiggily saw a funny little man with a fishpole over his shoulder.

"Ha! Another one of my Arabian Nights friends, I suppose," said Uncle Wiggily. "He seems to be in trouble, and I wonder if I can not help him. I'll ask."

Stepping out from behind the stump Uncle Wiggily made a low, polite bow, and said:

"You seem to be in trouble. May I not have the happiness of helping you out?"

"Thank you, kindly," said the fisherman. "But, I am afraid you can not. Perhaps you have heard of me. I am in a story book. Once I went fishing in the ocean I caught a big fish which, as soon as I lifted it from the water spoke to me.

"Then I knew it was a magic, enchanted or fairy fish. It begged me to take it ofi' my hook and put it in the water again, which I did. But when I reached home, and told my wife what had happened, she said I was very silly."

" 'If you had asked that fish for anythingl he would have given it to you,' she said. 'Any wish you had made would have come true.' "

"Oh, now I remember you," cried Uncle Wiggily. "Your wife told you to go back and. call to the fish, and ask him to give you a bet ter house to live in than the tumble-down log cabin you had."

"Exactly," said the fisherman. "So I went back to the shore of the ocean, and I recited this little verse: 'Oh, fish of the sea, come lis-ten to me. For Alice, my wife, the plague of my life, has sent me to beg a boon of thee.'

Of course Alice, my wife, isn't really the plague of my life," went on the fisherman, "I only said that to make it rhyme."

“I understand,” spoke Uncle Wiggily, twinkling his pink nose. “Then what happened?”

“Well, no sooner had I recited that little verse,” went on the fisherman, “than up from the waves the fish struck his head and asked me what my wife wanted. ‘She wants a better house to live in,’ I said.

“ ‘Go home man,’ he said to me, ‘your new house is ready for you.’ And, surely enough, when I got home, there was my wife, setting to rights a fine, new house.

“ See," she said, "what did I tell you! The fish will give you anything you ask for. ”

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘this is fine! We won’t have to ask for anything else.’

“ ‘I am not so sure about that,’ spoke my wife.”

Then the fisherman went on to tell the rest of his story. Alice, his wife, soon became tired of the new house, though it was much nicer than the old log cabin. So she sent her husband to the fish again, to ask him for a palace.

“The fish gave me that,” said the fisher man, “and when I got home I found my wife

in a very grand house. But she was not sat isfied.”

"My goodness!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "What else did she want? I wouldn't think she'd ask for anything more after all that."

"She wanted to be a princess," said the fisherman, "and have a castle. Well, the fish gave her that wish, though I was sure he'd be angry. But he was not. Though when my wife told me to go call the fish again, and ask that she be made queen, and sit on a high throne I knew something would happen."

"Did it?" asked Uncle Wiggily, eager like.

"It did," answered the fisherman. "When I got to the ocean the waves were splashing high, there were dark clouds and thunder and lightning, but still I recited my little verse

"Oh fish of the sea, come listen to me. For Alice, my wife, the plague of my life, has sent me to beg a boon of thee.'

" 'Well, what does she want now?' asked the fish, poking his head out of water.

" 'She wants to be queen and sit on a high throne,' I told him, and the fish said: 'Go back to your old log cabin to live,' and, surely enough, when I got home there was my wife in

the old tumble-down house again, crying many sad tears."

"That is too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "It goes to show, I suppose, that one should not want too much. Still far be it from me to find fault with anyone. I wish I could help you."

"I don't see how you can," said the fisher man. "If only we had back the nice house my wife wished for at first, I would be happy and I think she would be satisfied."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Well, as sure as any one can be when Alice their wife, says a thing," spoke the fisherman, and he and Uncle Wiggily looked at one another and laughed.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," slowly spoke the bunny rabbit. "If you think your wife would be satisfied with a plain, ordinary house, like my hollow stump bungalow, only larger of course, and wouldn't want to be a queen, I believe I can manage it for you."

"Oh, please do," begged the fisherman, and his wife, to whom he brought the rabbit gen tleman, said she was sorry _she had wanted too much.

Then Uncle Wiggily went to his friend Aladdin, of the wonderful lamp, and begged that magical Arabian Nights chap to make a nice cottage for the fisherman's wife, which Aladdin did with one rub of the wonderful lamp, even putting paper on the walls of the house.

"Oh, thank you!" cried the fisherman, as he and his wife moved into the new home. And there they lived for many years, happy and contented, which, after all, is the best part of life if you can find it.

And if the condensed milk doesn't get pinched in the lemon squeezer so that it has to limp when it goes to the moving pictures I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the golden bird.

CHAPTER XXVI.
UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE GOLDEN BIRD

Once upon a time there was a very rich king who had a tree upon which grew noth ing but golden apples. The king was as fond of these golden apples as Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was of his pink, twinkling nose, or his golden-yellow carrots, and you can well imagine how sur prised the king was, one morning, when he walked in his garden to find a golden apple missing from his tree.

"This is very strange," said the king, but he thought it stranger still when, under the tree, he picked up a bird's feather of pure gold.

"Ha! A golden bird must have taken one of my golden apples," said the king. "I will have one of my sons watch at night and see if they can not catch this rare singer. A golden bird must have a silvery voice and would be one well worth owning."

Uncle Wiggily had read this far in his Ara bian Nights book of stories, when, all of a sudden, he exclaimed:

"I believe I'll go out and have a try my self." -

"A try yourself!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper. "A try at what, pray? Surely you are not going to play croquette?"

"No, I am going to try and find that golden bird I read about," said the rabbit gentleman, and away he started, over the fields and through the woods, to have an adventure.

He had not gone very far before, all at once, he saw a queer looking young man walking through the trees ahead of him. The young man was dressed in very stylish golden clothes with diamond buttons on his shoes, and he kept saying over and over again to himself: see if I can help him. Then, aloud, the bunny rabbit went on: "May I not have the pleas ure of helping you find what you have lost?"

"I never lost anything," replied the young man, "though I thank you just the same. However, I am looking for a golden bird, and—"

"Not THE golden bird?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Don't tell me you are the king's son, and are looking for THE golden bird."

"Well, I'm afraid I am after that bird," gently said the prince, or king's son. "I see you

have been reading about my father find ing the golden feather under the tree after he missed a golden apple."

"That's as far as I got, reading the book," spoke the bunny. "I told Nurse Jane, my muskrat lady housekeeper, that I was going out to have a hunt for the bird myself."

"You might as well save yourself the trou ble," said the prince. "My father sent my two eldest brothers out to hunt for the golden bird, after both of them had fallen asleep nights while on the watch under the tree for it. But neither of my brothers came back,

and at last I set out to find the wonderful bird."

"And haven't you found it yet?" asked Un cle Wiggily.

"Not so much as half" a feather," answered the prince.

"Come on, then," answered the rabbit gentleman. "I'll help you look. This is a mag ical Arabian Nights sort of woods, anyhow, and we may have some luck. Now you look along one side of the path, and I'll look on the other, and we'll see who'll first find the golden bird."

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So Uncle Wiggily and the king's son searched through the woods, but not a. golden bird could they find, though they saw a blue bird, who had come back from the South, as Winter was almost gone, and there were plenty of sparrows.

"But I must find the golden bird for the king my father," said the prince. "Else all his golden apples will be gone, and he will be very unhappy. Also, I think if I find the golden bird my lost brothers will be found, and without them my mother is very sad."

"Cheer up!" said Uncle Wiggily. "We may find the bird yet."

So they looked farther and farther, but no golden bird could they find, and even Uncle Wiggily was giving up, when, all of a sudden, as he passed a drug store in the woods, kept by Dr. Possum, the bunny gentleman sud denly cried:

"I have it!"

"What! Not the golden bird?" asked the prince, eagerly.

"No, but I see a way to get it. Wait here for me, please. I'll be back in a minute."

Then Uncle Wiggily began hopping through the woods as fast as he could hop,

and, pretty soon, he came back to the prince with a chap who was dressed just as hand somely as the king's son himself, only a little differently.

"Prince," said Uncle Wiggily, politically like, "shake hands with an Arabian Nights friend of mine. His name is Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp. Aladdin, this is the prince. Shake!'

So they shook hands and the prince told how he was looking for the golden bird that was taking his father's golden apples, and dropping golden feathers.

"And you are the very one, Aladdin, who can find the bird for him," said Uncle Wiggily, finally.

"How?" asked Aladdin.

Uncle Wiggily twinkled his pink nose and pointed to a gold fish swimming in a bowl in the window of Dr. Possum's drug store.

"Just rub your magical lamp, Aladdin," begged the bunny uncle, "change a gold fish into a gold bird, and the trick is done."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Aladdin. So he rubbed the lamp, said the magical words, and the gold fish was instantly changed into a

golden bird at once. And the gold fish globe was changed into a bird cage.

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Wiggily, very much!" exclaimed the prince when the gold fish bird in its gilded cage had been given him. "And thank you, too, Mr. Lamp."

"His name is Aladdin, not Lamp!" quickly whispered the bunny uncle. "He's Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp."

"Oh, excuse me," spoke the prince. "Then thank you, also, Mr. Aladdin. Now my fa ther and mother will be happy again, my lost brothers will be found, and with the golden bird safe in our palace, where it can sing to its heart's delight, no more golden apples will be taken from our tree."

And everything came out just that way. 'As soon as the gold fish had been changed into a canary bird it began to sing. Then the two elder brother princes heard it in a far-olf 'castle, where they had been locked by a bad fairy, and at once their chains fell off and they hurried home.

The youngest prince also hurried to the palace of his father, the king, with the golden bird, and everyone was happy. And Uncle Wiggily and Aladdin were happiest of all, because they had helped some one.

And that night, when Uncle Wiggily had reached his hollow stump bungalow, after a long hop through the woods and over fields, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, said to him:

"Wiggily, you look tired. I think these

Arabian Nights adventures you are having are too much for you."

"Oh, nonsensicalness!" laughed the bunny gentleman. "I like them! I'm going to take a good sleep, and tomorrow I'll have another adventure. Just you wait and see!"

But when tomorrow came it wasn't to-mor row at all, but today, and the adventure Uncle Wiggily had

But there! I just happened to look, and I can't possibly, by any manner of means, squeeze another story into this book. It is full already, and you wouldn't want to spill over on the outside, I'm sure.

So I'll have to save that adventure, and some others the rabbit gentleman had, for another volume. And in case the letter does not jump out of the envelope and go to the moving picture show without the postage stamp, you may read in the next book how Uncle Wiggily tried to stop his pink nose from twinkling, and about the other queer things he did. The name

of that book is a secret, but I shall tell you about it in a little while.

THE END

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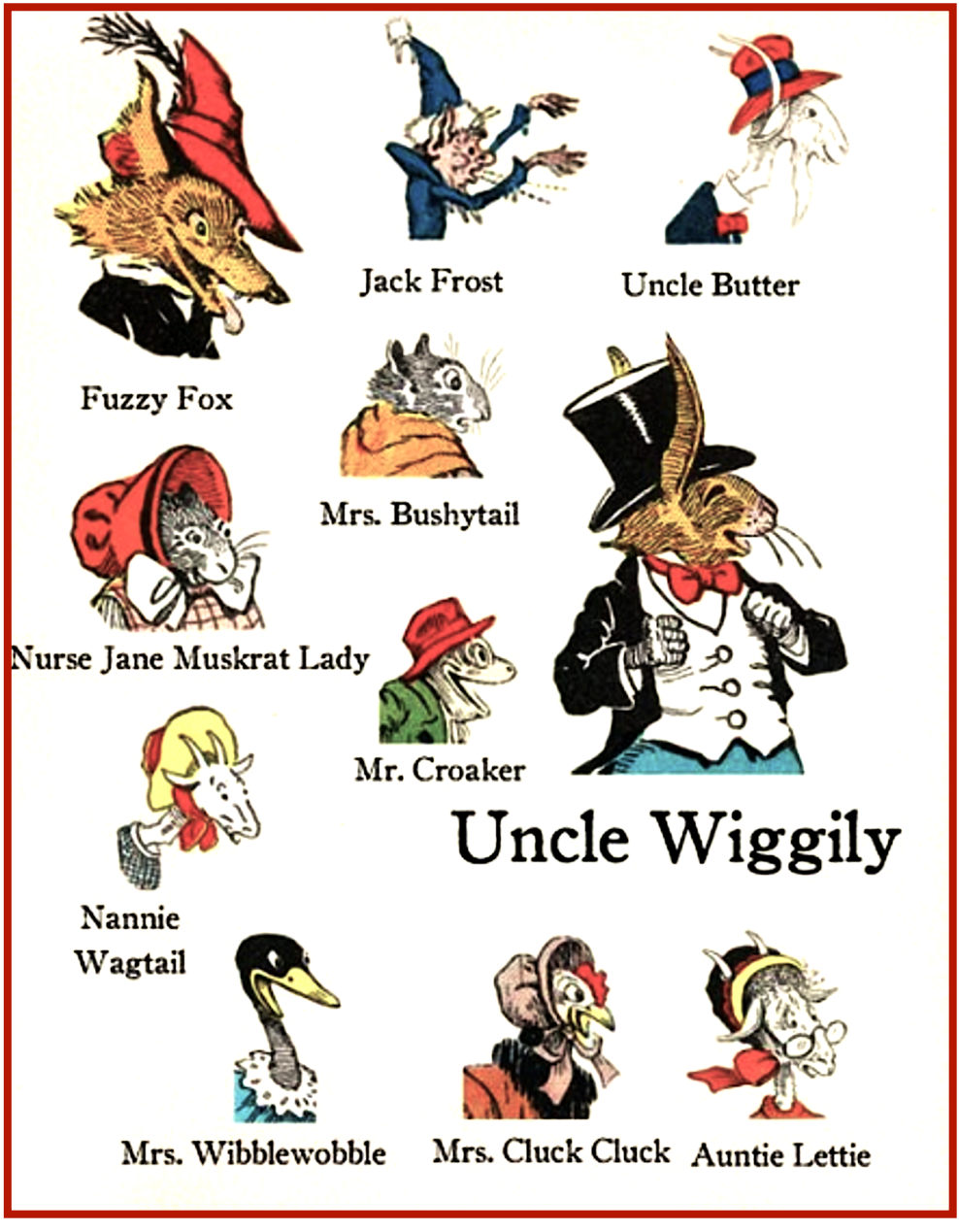
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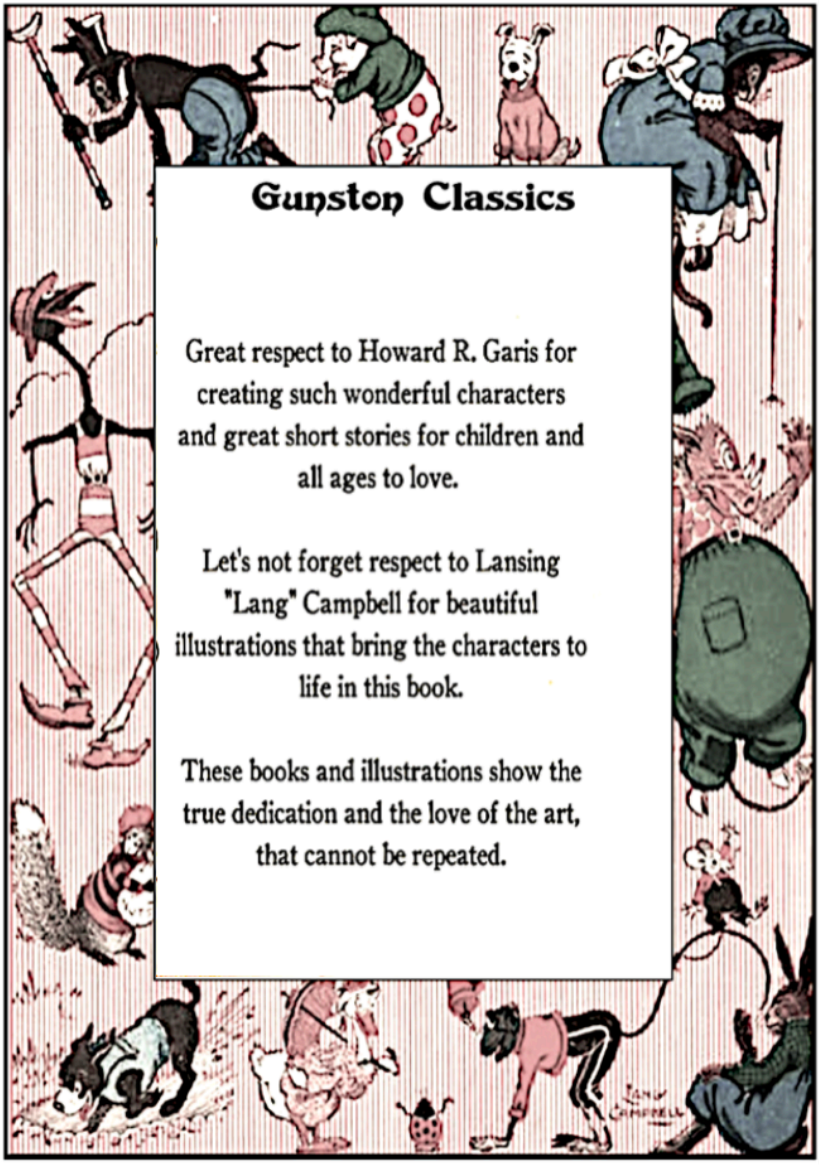

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Great respect to Howard R. Garis for creating such wonderful characters and great short stories for children and all ages to love.

Let's not forget respect to Lansing "Lang" Campbell for beautiful illustrations that bring the characters to life in this book.

These books and illustrations show the true dedication and the love of the art, that cannot be repeated.

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